

The Incident (and all that came after)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/9787397) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/9787397>.

Rating:

[Explicit](#)

Archive Warning:

[Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings](#)

Category:

[M/M](#)

Fandom:

[방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS](#)

Relationship:

[Kim Taehyung | V/Park Jimin](#)

Characters:

[Kim Taehyung | V, Park Jimin \(BTS\)](#)

Additional Tags:

[Top Kim Taehyung | V, Top Park Jimin, Switch Jimin, dominant taehyung, FWB, Friends to Lovers, Powerbottom Taehyung, Kim Taehyung | V & Park Jimin are Best Friends, i can't believe that was a tag, i vaguely mentioned second-hand pot once but neither of them smoke it's literally 1 line, anyways here's like 16k of smut and like 10k of feelings, That's really all it is, bad language, Fluff, Feelings, like a lot of feelings, Romance, There's really a lot of mushy stuff in this fic, be warned, Praise Kink, very slight Control kink, Taehyung's big eye contact kink, Virginity, Loss of Virginity](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Stats:

Published: 2017-02-16 Words: 28,578 Chapters: 1/1

The Incident (and all that came after)

by [taetae_s](#)

Summary

"Have sex with me."

"Told you to get a mask; the fumes totally went straight to your tiny little head."

"I'm 100% serious, and my head is NOT tiny."

OR: Park Jimin wants to be FWB and Kim Taehyung can think of about 1000 reasons why that's a bad idea (but he still does it anyway)

** !! sequel coming soon, beta readers needed !! **

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Have sex with me.”

Taehyung almost falls off of the ladder he's balanced precariously on, one foot hooked around a step, a paint roller in his right hand and streaks of paint on his chin. Jimin is standing at the base to hold it securely, staring up at him with those puppy dog eyes that he damn well should be immune to by now, but somehow still isn't.

He steps down to slick up the roller, and heads back up the ladder to slap it on the wall carelessly, “Told you to get a mask; the fumes totally went straight to your tiny little head.”

“I'm 100% serious, and my head is *not* tiny.”

“You're 100% high as fuck is probably more like it.” Taehyung chuckles, “Leave now before you start seeing rainbow zebras and dancing fruits.”

Jimin's dry little grunt is enough to make Taehyung look down again, roller paused in mid sweep as it unevenly distributes the kale green paint over the previous stark white. The white walls were beginning to make Taehyung dizzy, barely a month after moving into their new shared apartment, so they had made the executive decision to work as a team on their own renovations; starting with the walls, of course. White walls gave him the creeps, too clean and empty, so they had to go.

“Have sex with me, TaeTae.” Jimin says. Taehyung thinks that he sounds a bit too grumpy and serious, and the words seem like they're coming out a bit *too* easily. It's slightly disturbing, to hear his best friend say something like that with such little effort or weirdness.

He fights off a full body shiver and returns to his job with new determination. “You've lost your marbles, I can't believe you were around all that second-hand pot in high school and you were fine, but some paint fumes is how you go out.” He shakes his head, “Shame, really.”

Jimin lightly jiggles the ladder with his hands as he whines, and Taehyung gasps, dropping the roller into the tray on the ground with a splash that sends paint globs all over the unpainted wall and plastic-wrapped floor. Jimin's response of: “Hey, watch it,” was offensive enough in itself as he hunches over and holds onto the ladder for dear life, as if the little vibration was enough to throw him off. Like this is *his* fault, like Taehyung had done it on purpose or something.

“Are you trying to kill me? I’m working here, what the hell.”
Taehyung climbs down cautiously, no longer trusting his legs, the ladder, or Jimin least of all.

When his feet finally hit the shrink-wrapped carpet, rustling over-top of the plastic, he departs with a relieved sigh. Turning to Jimin rewards him with a somewhat pouty, somewhat annoyed frown. Jimin’s smooth, summer-tanned features are condensed into a grimace, lips tipped downward and ears a peachy-red. The rosy hue compliments his honey skin and blond hair a little too much, unfairly in fact.

Taehyung rolls his eyes at Jimin’s dramatics, even if they remind him of himself in a way.

“Come on Tae, you know I wouldn’t ask unless I was serious.”

That’s the whole problem, truth be told. In all of their near 11 years of friendship, never once had Jimin brought up anything like this. Sure, they had come awfully close to kissing during a gay chicken match in their first year of high school, during a winter sleepover. But that was before they found out Jimin actually *was* into dudes, and it was before Taehyung got himself a serious girlfriend who took up□and wasted now that he looks back at it□approximately the following three and a half years of his life.

They don’t play gay chicken anymore, they don’t do much besides harmless, playful flirting and seeing each other half naked after showers or in the morning. The worst that happens are overly affectionate, half joking kisses on the cheek during birthdays or when out with their friends.

Taehyung is pretty sure he *likes* it that way; it’s relaxed and easy. Being around Jimin is *simple*, it’s warm and familiar, a rock solid and dependable part of his life that hasn’t changed for as long as he can remember.

That’s why they moved in together, that’s why he’s always happy and always feels safe; because he has Jimin at his side.

So when Jimin gives him *that look*, the one he’s seen a hundred times, Taehyung instinctively *knows* that Jimin is serious. And that’s the damn problem. He huffs theatrically, leaning against the ladder as Jimin steps back and puts his hands on his hips.

“At least, I dun’know, humor me.” Jimin pins him with a hard frown.

“*Humor* you,” Taehyung snorts. “You’re supposed to be the *reasonable* one between us, I’m the idiot with the bad ideas. That’s the natural order, you can’t just fuck up the natural order.”

“Have sex with me Taehyung, c’mon. It’s not even a big deal.” Jimin presses forward, stubbornly, a little shamelessly. Taehyung imagines if he were speaking to anyone else Jimin would have died from embarrassment already. But there’s really no room for embarrassment between them anymore. They had been through too much together, Jimin was always a bit less timid when they were alone; he used to like that about Jimin. It was something special, it meant that their friendship was personal, unique. He was the only one who knew what Jimin could be like behind closed doors.

Why was everything so weird today? Why was it flipping upside down, getting all Twilight Zone on him?

“*Sex* □” He barked out a laugh even saying the word, “Oh my *God*. Are you even listening to yourself? Of course it’s a big deal.” He couldn’t even finish a whole sentence.

“Listen, hear me out,” Jimin runs a hand through his hair, “I’m turning twenty-three in a few months □ *twenty-three* ,” He croons, tugging at the strands of his hair dramatically.

“I’ll take; *unrelated things*, for five-hundred.”

“Oh shut up. *Anyways*, I can’t just, turn twenty-three. I have unfinished business.”

“What are you, a ghost? Of course you can.”

“I’ve still only been to second-base with Hoshi in high school. I can’t be a twenty-three-year-old virgin, like what the hell.”

Taehyung’s eyes soften and he’s almost feeling concerned, “Jimin, where is this coming from?” His question goes ignored, Jimin’s eyes skirt over his face, and then he’s looking away and the answer is left hanging in the air awkwardly until Jimin changes the subject back.

He’s never been as good at reading Jimin as Jimin is at reading him, but something feels off, wrong.

“Can you imagine?” Jimin scoffs like it’s the worst thing in the world. Taehyung feels strangely grappled by the way Jimin’s eyes glisten beneath the light.

“Jimin, I think you’re stuck in the 90’s. Who the hell told you losing your virginity was important?” He’s genuinely annoyed if someone said as much. He feels an actual, tangible shock of irritation, ready to beat someone’s ass for possibly being mean to Jimin. The earlier sentiment and concern he felt fade ever so slightly, now he’s just feeling overly protective.

“It’s important to *me*.” Jimin stresses.

“This is really silly. Besides, ‘losing your virginity’ is overrated, fight the patriarchy and all that jazz. Remember when Namjoon went through that big philosophy phase and we all had to learn about□”

He’s cut off by Jimin’s frustrated snort. “□This isn’t about that, *ugh* . Is it really that horrible of an idea?” His voice cracks and he honestly sounds a little heartbroken. It gives Taehyung a seconds pause, an uncomfortable burning sensation in his heart that he wants to go away.

“Jimin, are you sure you’re okay? What you’re asking here□you want me to have sex with my best friend?” His voice waivers; he’s slightly thrown off because for a fraction of a second, despite his best efforts to be the responsible one here, he’s considering it. “Whether it sounds horrible or not—I just?” He’s exhaling as his sentence spirals, and just sort of vaguely falls off into nothing.

“*Because* , I didn’t know you would have such a *problem* with it.” He looks defensive now, a lot less confident and unabashed and a lot more earnest and unsure. “I didn’t think that you’d just flat out *reject* me.”

Taehyung pauses, “*Reject* you...Jimin, seriously, where did this come from? Is—Is that what you *really* want me to—” he tries to finish the sentence but it’s all a bit too sudden and strange, so his voice just kind of dwindles off pathetically.

A second of silence beats between them before Jimin shuffles his feet and Taehyung is annoyed that, like always, he finds Jimin irresistibly cute. “I’ve thought about this a lot,” he says softly. “I really want this, Tae, please.” His eyes are so glittery and his full lips are pressed into a worried pout.

Taehyung lets out a long, strained sigh. “Jimin...I need time to think about this. Is that okay?” He rolls his neck in its socket, realizing suddenly that he’s stiff and tired. This wasn’t what he expected when he woke up this morning. He *never* expected this in general.

Jimin's gazing up at him with those beautiful eyes and he needs to look away now, before he finds his answer way too quickly for his conscience. "Yeah," Jimin nods gently, "Yeah okay."

It's been a week and Taehyung still braves outbreaks of trepidation just from walking out of his bedroom when Jimin is home. He creeps out of his door towards the kitchen to find a snack, knowing that Jimin is in his own room. They haven't talked about much since The Incident, other than Jimin occasionally checking to see if he had changed his mind.

He always said *no*, he hadn't.

In reality, he isn't sure anymore, but this kind of weakness has the potential to blow holes in the sturdy foundation of their relationship, as easy as cannonballs through thin wood; he can't make this decision hastily. So he crams any doubt or weakness back into the shadows of his thoughts and stays strong.

He makes it to the counter, nabs up a banana and breaks into the peel before he's cornered again. The sound of Jimin's voice sends him into a spasm, and he avoids the tragedy of dropping his snack only through some miracle.

"You wanna bump and grind with me yet?"

"Oh my *God*, *no*, I need *time* to think about it. When did you get this shameless?" In some alternate reality, he's already accepted Jimin's offer and they're currently bumpin' and grindin' away, but in this reality, Taehyung feels his heart freeze in his chest every time he even thinks about that kind of thing.

He turns around to see Jimin's lips quirked up into a smile. Taehyung hates that shit eating grin. "When you became my best friend. Besides, you're The One Taehyung." He grins.

"Why don't you just fuck a random hot guy instead?" Taehyung deflects rather than coming up with a proper response because he's in over his head, and Jimin's words make his heart slam into his ribs. This must be what he usually seems like to Jimin, with all of his crazy schemes and his tendency to be wild and crazy. As much dumb shit as he's said during the length of their friendship, he's surprised that Jimin was able to put up with him if it's comparable to this.

“What the hell, because that’s dangerous, duh.” Jimin says as if it’s obvious, “Besides, I like *you*,” he nonchalantly shrugs, like it’s supposed to be a good reason. It’s fucking *not*, it’s not that easy. It *should* be. Taehyung wishes it *was*, but it isn’t.

Taehyung knows he doesn’t mean it like *that*. Of course he doesn’t; if Jimin did, he certainly would have known before now. It would have been obvious, as much as they’re together. If Jimin *really* had a crush on him, it definitely would have been apparent before now. So Taehyung knows he can’t mean it like *that*; as if he *like* likes him.

Still, doesn’t stop the rush of blood to his cheeks and ears at the words though. He shakes out his hair and then pats it down again idly, a futile attempt to try and hide it or distract him.

“You really are sure about this, huh? Wow,” Taehyung eventually falters, turning his attention back to munching on his banana instead of trying to make sense of it all. It’s really all he can say about the matter. “I mean, *wow*.” He reiterates around a mouthful.

“You act like *I’m* the crazy one. Can’t be any worse than the time you fucked that guy from Bandcamp.”

“*Hey*,” Taehyung chokes on his food a bit, pounding a palm against his chest. “We don’t talk about that, you promised.”

Jimin offers him a ruthless, one-shouldered shrug.

Being best friends with Jimin is the best thing in the world about 97% of the time. Normally, there isn’t much he isn’t willing to do for Jimin, to see him happy.

In seventh grade, he considered trying to beat up someone twice his size for bullying Jimin during recess. He spent over a hundred dollars on Jimin’s birthday present just last year, was planning to possibly spend more this year. Jimin’s contact in his phone has his own shortcut on the main screen, is the only favorite he has, the first speed-dial, and his first listed emergency contact. They always spend holidays together, they share food with one another, hell, they *moved in* with one another.

Taehyung loves Jimin, he does, *really*.

But when he lays in bed and does his soul searching at night, thinks

about those truly *hard* questions, he's not really certain that he's ready to see Jimin's dick. That might just be the one line he can't cross.

Well, at least, the one he didn't imagine he ever *would* cross.

That's why he can't believe he's even *considering* it. Can't believe that Jimin is breaking down his defenses in this case.

If it were anyone *else*, he might think it was unfair, that he was being used, sexually harassed even, but this is *Jimin* . Sweet, innocent Jimin.

Besides, Taehyung would never admit it out loud but, it's not like the idea itself is *horrible*. *Sex with Jimin* ; the thought makes him want to flop around on his bed like a fish, in nervousness, disbelief, excitement even if he's being honest.

The problem is more like; Jimin is his *best friend* . How can you go back from that? He's not sure he's willing to alter the dynamics of their relationship to that extent. This isn't like telling Jimin the really expensive Gucci sweater he loves so much is ugly as sin, this is one of those *no going back* things, right?

What if it ruins everything?

It's been two weeks since The Incident and Taehyung is so fucking *weak*. Embarrassingly weak because he can't stop thinking about *things*. The Conversation™, Jimin, whether it's a good idea, a bad one, terrible one, should he do it, should he not, is Jimin crazy, if he agrees will he be taking advantage of his best friend, if he doesn't will it hurt Jimin's feelings. It's all so complicated.

He sits in the living room on their shared couch, staring only half-attentively at the drama on his television. His mouth is slightly open and his brows are sunken down into a deep frown despite the happy-go-lucky scene he's watching, or more accurately, the scene he *isn't* watching.

The volume is too low for him to hear it anyways—he's got shitty hearing thanks to all of his years in band, in the wind instruments row with the tuba guy playing his loud screeching notes—but he hasn't gotten up to crank up the volume because he's too busy stewing.

Boiling the mess of considerations, worries, and thoughts floating around in his head into one big goopy mess of sloppy confusion soup.

“You catchin’ flies?” Jimin’s voice rudely, abruptly interrupts his mental mulling and he looks up to see his roommate and best friend standing in the kitchen. He’d slid his shoes off and stepped into his slippers, but he’s still wearing his cute work uniform. Damn, is it six o’clock already?

“Mm?” Taehyung hums by way of a response, a question really, and Jimin shakes his head with a small, crooked smile.

“Your mouth was wide open,” he explains unhappily, pouting like someone having to talk through a joke that’s no longer funny.

“Ah,” Taehyung hums vaguely, snapping his trap shut and readjusting deeper into the soft cushions as Jimin came his way. They have a small, uglyish loveseat, one that practically requires closeness, so he feels the chills break out over his skin at just the thought of Jimin coming near. Especially looking like *that*.

Jimin works at the movie theater nearby, the one with the cute little lemon yellow striped aprons and bowtie uniform requirement that Jimin hates and Taehyung likes a little too much. That place is always busy, always people flirting with Jimin everytime he drops by to surprise his best friend. Taehyung hates that place, but Jimin likes it and at least it means they get to watch free movies from time to time. Jimin is good at sneaking him in and if he works the ticket booth he always gets a free movie. It’s probably illegal and should be frowned upon, but their relationship transcends the wills of the common man’s rules. What good is a job at a movie theater if you can’t hook up your best friend, anyways?

Jimin’s wearing that dumb, impossibly cute apron now, flopping onto the couch with a tired yawn. His hair is styled into messy perfection, and his chapstick is shining in the dull overhead light. His lips look full and kissable as ever and Taehyung ruthlessly shuts down all trains of thought, unwilling to be held liable for what might come out of his mouth if they continue.

He manages a: “Work alright?”

“Never,” Jimin laments, kicking his feet up onto the coffee table to stretch out. He smells like popcorn and cotton candy and expensive perfume and Taehyung subconsciously breathes in deeper.

“Anyone harass you?” He mumbles, copying Jimin to toss his feet up too.

“Why? Gonna beat someone up for me?”

“Always ready to beat someone up for you. Take me to a bitch.”

“Yeah right, you can't even kill bugs, but thanks for the emotional support Tae.” Jimin giggles, it's light, melodious. “Work was the usual. Hoseok-hyung was there so it was tolerable. I'm just glad to be home.” He's close enough that Taehyung thinks he can feel the soft echo of Jimin's heartbeat through the contact of their arms.

There's a beat of silence a bit too long for comfort that's luckily filled with the very quiet sounds of the second-rate drama. They watch together for just long enough that Taehyung allows himself to build up a wall of hopefulness around his stew of complexity before it's shattered in a single strike.

“Y'know, I didn't mean to make things *weird*,” Jimin says quietly with his chin still facing forward at the screen. “Just forget it happened, I'll stop asking.” His tone is *almost* conversational, if not a bit too soft, hints of shame, maybe guilt, it's hard to pinpoint.

There's no need for clarification, what he's talking about couldn't be clearer even if it was spelled out word for word.

Taehyung freezes, listening to the roar of his wild thoughts to the time of his rapid heartbeat.

Theoretically, this is his *chance*; everything he wanted, The Out he thought he needed, presented hassle and guilt trip free. Jimin is throwing him a line really, one he should take.

In reality, it's more like being thrown into a tub of ice water. He shivers subliminally, licking his lips, losing sight of the drama all together as it blurs into an unidentifiable mess of defocus.

Taehyung isn't religious and he wouldn't admit it, but he'd been praying for an answer during the last week or so. Prayed that some higher power might help him, if there were any out there really, any who had time to listen to his perfectly menial issues.

He's not really sure that his prayers were answered per se, but he came up with an answer anyways, on the spot, so it all works out. It's probably the wrong answer but *still*.

“I thought□” Taehyung has to stop to clear his throat because the words come out more like an incoherent croak than anything half

human. “Thought your new motto was ‘*never give up, all things in time*’, ever since you read that dumb Chicken Soup For The Soul book for your literature class.”

Jimin actually chuckles, gentle and low, a little gruff. “Aw, you remembered, I'm honored.” He clicks his tongue before he speaks and his tone of voice is a mix of sad acceptance, and very reasonable. “Sometimes you gotta know when to fold, right?”

“I remember things.” He should stop now but there are still words climbing their way up and he can't stop them. They want out and he's so weak. Did he mention he's *weak* ? Weak For Jimin™. “Wrong, giving up is lame. Card metaphors are dumb.” Taehyung pushes out the words pressing him and his voice sounds thankfully clear and steady, normal.

Jimin looks over at him, he knows because he can sense it, see it from the corner of his mostly unfocused eyes.

“Are you trying to tell me something here? Don't get my hopes up Tae, that's totally shitty☹”

“☹I'm sayin' *fine* .” He strains and he can barely believe himself.

“Fine, fine what?” Jimin asks, but Tae *knows* that Jimin *knows*. He can hear the barely contained excitement leaking through to Jimin's silky voice and he's fucking doomed.

That voice will be the death of him.

“Don't make me say it, but, yes, sure, let's do it.” Taehyung sighs, grumbles really. There are short, warm fingers wrapping around his slender bicep a second later and it jars him into looking; a mistake really.

He peers into Jimin's vibrant brown eyes, the warmest shade of brown ever, looks down at Jimin's bright smile. They're close, no closer than they had been in the past before, but it feels different now somehow. Taehyung has to force his jaw to wire itself shut, kick his brain's ass over the nearly visceral reaction he feels compelled towards. Stops himself from going on ahead and helping Jimin with his ‘*unfinished business*’ right then and there.

“Really?” Jimin sounds hopeful, happy.

Fuck, Taehyung really, *really* likes to see Jimin happy.

“Don't look at me like that, Jesus. So cute. How are you so cute?” Taehyung gripes, like it's a problem because it *is*, technically.

Jimin bats his eyelashes like he's a pinup girl from a black and white film. “I can't believe this,” he whisper yells. Taehyung nods in agreement; he can't believe it either.

Up until ten minutes ago, he was pretty dead set on talking himself into *denying*, like a well-armored tank out to stop any and all risks. Now look where he is.

Oh well , life's fucked. At least he can still back out whenever, hopefully without fucking up their relationship, that would be vastly ideal.

“Do you really think I'm cute?” Jimin tacks on the question and Taehyung manages to act out a disgusted, over the top fake death scene to get out of answering.

It's been three weeks since The Incident and another one since the disastrous possible lapse in judgment and the good news is, they haven't had sex. Yet.

They really hadn't even come close. In fact, blessedly, nothing had even changed in the slightest between them.

If anything it was almost *easier* now, without Jimin asking him if he had changed his mind everyday. Or shamelessly repeating the question.

There's no real reason that they haven't tried, at least, no fundamentally relationship altering reason. They've simply been a bit too busy to even think of it. Or at least, too busy to actually do it; Taehyung unfortunately, had *not* been so busy he couldn't even think of it. He thought of it often, a few times a day, as it were.

Times that had him overwhelmed with contradicting sensations of pure dread coupled with an incessant hard-on. The kind that made him want to run into the bathroom to relieve himself just so he could freaking focus on the world around him again and not the throbbing in his pants.

God , he still can't believe he's getting actual stiffies over his best friend now, what is he, thirteen? He purposefully blocked these

thoughts off for his own sanity and the good of their longstanding, amazingly stable, beautiful friendship, many years ago. Now that he had opened the floodgates, it was like he suddenly had eight years of horny Jimin related thoughts and fantasies to catch up on.

It really probably isn't healthy, he thinks. At this point, he's *glad* they haven't had sex because he definitely *wants* to more than he realized, more than he feels comfortable with.

Damn him for not being born straight, it certainly would have been easier to resist Jimin.

False, he didn't mean that; he loved men, and women too, he loves all people, but damn is it less complicated to limit his options to *not* include the possibility of Park Jimin.

The time is an hour until midnight and Taehyung can't sleep because he's got too much on his mind. He finds himself in the living room again, polishing off a bowl of late-night ice cream in nothing but his boxers and a comfy T-shirt. The volume is too low again, he has the subtitles on but he's not really paying attention to them anyways. He tends to keep the volume low when he has midnight adventures in the rest of the house, in an effort to be respectful to Jimin who's a lighter sleeper than he is.

Being considerate of Jimin leaves him at odds at times, but he figures that it's a reasonable thing to do. Not like Jimin doesn't do enough for him, too.

He sets his bowl aside with a click on the coffee table, moving his bare feet to cross his legs beneath his ass and stretching out the kinks in his muscles that he has no idea where they came from. He hasn't done anything particularly active in weeks, yet he feels like all of his muscles have turned to stone, like he's been running miles with no break. Probably due to the stress.

He doesn't know really, but he groans when he works a particularly sore muscle out of his shoulder with his fingers during a quick self shoulder massage.

"Can't sleep?" Jimin's rumble, sleepy voice startles him again. It's been happening too often lately, maybe Jimin really is a ghost.

Taehyung looks up, brows raised. "How do you keep just popping

up?" He wonders if Jimin was always like that and he's only noticed recently.

His bestie sleepily sways across the room and lands on the couch beside him ungracefully, tucking his knees up against his chest and leaning into Taehyung's side. Taehyung naturally lifts his arm so that Jimin can fit against his side, Jimin's fluffy bed-head nestled into the crook of his elbow. He looks down and Jimin's peering before him at the television, a bleary little squint like he's having difficulty seeing thanks to the dim light, or maybe because he's too sleepy.

Jimin doesn't dignify him with a response, he seems a bit too tired, but he does nestle closer when Taehyung snorts and shakes his head.

They've been on edge around each other since The Conversation™; things have been awkward to say the least. It's nice to be able to get back to normal with Jimin. Afterall, he and Jimin had been cuddling, hugging, even sleeping in the same bed to maximize cuddle efforts, for years. It shouldn't be different now that they might cross another line right?

He's grateful that it feels a bit less stressful to touch Jimin again.

Partially he thinks this is thanks to Jimin now feeling comfortable enough to break the touch barrier again. For the last three weeks Jimin had maintained a distance, physically. Even if he was insistently asking over and over.

Taehyung knows this was because Jimin was struggling in his own way, to keep things not weird or mess things up between them. It was probably for the better, but Taehyung had began to miss touching his best friend. He craves it even.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" Taehyung asks into Jimin's tuff of smooth hair.

Jimin accentuates his answer with a yawn. "Heard you were awake."

"So what, you had to come see me?"

Jimin doesn't give him a response, just curls up even closer, so close that there's suddenly no extra space between them at all. He smells clean, recently showered, like soap and expensive shampoo; citrus and honey.

Taehyung could die happy breathing in that scent combined with

Jimin's natural smell.

They silently watch the too-quiet show, a variety show this time, a rerun that they had both seen anyways. Jimin's head lulls over and wedges itself softly between his shoulder and jaw. He feels his eyes flicker closed with contentment. There's something warm like sunshine flickering through his tired muscles and making his whole body buzz with a satisfaction.

Somehow he's even able to forget how stiff he felt earlier, and he's left feeling relaxed like jello with Jimin in his arms.

He wakes up with dry mouth, having stretched out at some point on the couch, squished tightly against the back-cushions, packed in like meat between buns. He peels open his eyes when he realizes that he's a smidge too compact; not alone.

He doesn't expect anything else when he opens his eyes, obviously it could only be one person, but he's still caught mildly off-guard. His eyelids pop slowly open only to be partially obscured by Jimin's messy hair. Jimin's body is pressed right against his, squeezed as closely against him as possible, Taehyung thinks. Barely even enough room to breathe between them.

Taehyung's feet are stuck straight out, hanging all the way off the small couch and propped up over the arm to hover in the air. When he cranes his neck to look he sees that Jimin is curled up and his calves and feet are beneath Taehyung's own, still entirely on the couch which seems much more comfortable.

His neck feels tight again, stiffer than stiff, even stiffer than it was last night, and he lets out an alien-like, suffering sound.

He's got an arm wrapped around Jimin's solid midsection, and he has to pry it away from Jimin who's clinging to him like his hand is a stuffed animal.

With some luck, he manages to slip his hand away, but he isn't able to make the spider-like attempt to climb over Jimin without waking him up, which is what he'd been planning to do. It's too late, Jimin's little sluggish sounding whine sends him into a near instant pause.

"Stop moving." Jimin bellyaches. His voice is low and rough and he's speaking in a Busan slang. It's like heaven, masculine and textured,

and it whips Taehyung into submission easily.

Defeated, he settles back into place, noticing just now that his right arm is trapped beneath him and tingling frantically. His nose is placed back into Jimin's cloud of blond hair, less fragrant but just as soft and pretty as it was last night.

"If we stay like this I'll need to amputate my arm." He growls into Jimin's ear. His limb is cold now, bugging him to move it or else, but he decided stubbornly to endure it longer; anything for Jimin.

"I'll get you a robot arm." He's quickly, lazily informed.

"That'd be hella cool." Taehyung laughs out through his nose despite himself. " *Anyways* , get up, beautiful." He lovingly gripes, though his free, awake and alive arm has already fallen back into place over Jimin's waist.

Jimin wiggles back closer to him, impossibly close, and Taehyung is instantly alerted to a fucking *problem*. Not a new problem, an old, average sort of problem, but this time under different circumstances.

The ol' morning wood making its presence, only brought further to attention thanks to Jimin's ass wiggling flush against it. Taehyung bites back a horny groan and then another of embarrassment.

He tries to calm himself down, be *reasonable*. This kind of thing happens. Even when there was nothing possibly going on between them, Jimin used to sleep in his bed plenty of times before. They had run into this issue many times and it was never A Thing before. It's no big thing, no big deal, they're both dudes right. Dudes with dicks.

They're just dudes who have a green light to have sex together...shit, it's *complicated* . It's *too* complicated, so complicated. Taehyung doesn't think he's cut out for this whole, *friends with benefits* thing. He's a married for sixty years with eight children and four dogs, two cats and a rescued turtle sorta guy, why did he get himself into this? With *Jimin* of all people.

He's in the middle of fretting about it when Jimin moves again, rigidly and weakly pushing himself up into a sitting position.

It's anticlimactic. Taehyung doesn't know whether he should feel happy or disappointed. He feels an odd concoction of both things. Like getting out of class because of snow but also finding out that you have to do a make-up day anyways.

“Mornin’.” Jimin says gently, twisting around to smile. It looks a bit like those really dramatic traditional religious paintings of a beautiful angel with sun streaks and golden rays dancing behind them, the kind that make some people cry and want to turn their life around or suddenly understand the tiny miracles of the world. It only slightly takes Taehyung’s breath away, but he plays it off by stretching and pretending to do a quick inhale, exhale.

“Mornin’,” Taehyung echos back once he had properly recovered and sat straight again. He moves to reposition himself sitting forward facing the TV. He doesn't know when but at some point they must have cut it off because he just sees his reflection in its black surface. Probably flipped it off at the same time they rearranged to lay down together or whatever else they did in a blacked-out sleep haze.

Jimin stares at him, an inspecting gaze and wild hair that sticks up every which way. He's wearing those expensive pajamas that Hoseok bought him for his birthday, the silky blue ones. Taehyung loves those pj's an unfair amount. They're soft and smooth beneath his hand and they make Jimin's butt look amazing.

“Do you work?”

“Nah,” Jimin shakes his head. “Class?”

“Not till 12:30,” he answers, and there's a bit of a heavy silence between them to follow.

“You wanna hang out?” Jimin seems strangely cautious when he asks and Taehyung wonders when they even got to this crossroads. The line between awkward and weird, and happy and comfortable. So quickly crossed for some reason.

“You don't even gotta ask.” He serves up his best smile. He's determined to make things as normal as possible between them for as long as possible.

Jimin's award-winning religious angel painting smile is back and Taehyung looks away before he can make a fool of himself like usual.

They break off to do morning routines, so Taehyung quickly makes way to brush his teeth and hair. He doesn't waste time changing clothes but he does slip on a pair of baggy shorts that he made, cut off from a pair of ragged old sweats. Jimin once made fun of him for his

ingenious idea; *Shweats* as Jimin calls them mockingly, but it doesn't change the fact that Taehyung came home to find Jimin wearing them once, all the same. Lounging around in them like he owned them. Not so much shit talking after that.

When he returns Jimin is sitting on the table, not in the chair but actually on *top* of the small wobbly table they got for cheap at a random flea market when they first decided to move in together. That was a very good weekend, long but fun; running around to lots of small shops looking for the right things to put into their first apartment together. Neither of them had much furniture of their own to bring with them, so they had to search for lots of new things. It was enjoyable, there was no one he would have rather done it with than Jimin.

Taehyung does a double-take, almost a triple-take, because the sight he sees just about kills him, and he's not sure if he's still dreaming.

There's nothing particularly *different*, nothing mindblowing or world altering about it, technically. Maybe it's just because he's allowing himself to actually *see* Jimin as a man, for the first time since they were teenagers. Since he decided that they should just be friends, back when Jimin was dating Jeongguk and Taehyung had a girlfriend too and things were just easier that way. When he decided they should stay that way; just friends.

Whatever the case, Taehyung feels a surge of physical response, and a bit of an emotional one too, if he's honest. As he looks up to see Jimin sitting on the flat of the table, with his knees parted and his hands together between his thick thighs. He's leaned forward slightly, hunched with shoulders downward, and his legs are swinging in the air, too short to touch the ground.

His hair has been brushed, back to the usual silky perfection, and his cheeks have an appealing flush. His bare face looks freshly washed, dewy and probably warm. Pores open and teeth looking squeaky clean when he smiles.

There's the very slight crease of his pectoral muscles visible from the unbuttoned V of his pajama top, collarbones catching the shadows just right. The shadows are taunting, sexy in that unintentional way.

It's a slightly mundane sight in its own way, a few weeks ago he might not have taken a second glance. Today he stops just outside of his doorway and allows his eyes proper time to drink the image in. He

greedily maintains his inspection when he sees Jimin pause, the sudden mild self-awareness, noticing that Taehyung is watching him, and the way it distorts his features minutely.

“You're a pervert.” Jimin eventually speaks, sassy voice and goofy smile in place.

Taehyung lets out a dry bark of a laugh, a curled up smirk hanging from his lips. “I didn't say any of that out loud did I?” He teases; he knows he didn't. If he had, Jimin would probably be reacting very differently.

It earns him the most beautiful, vibrant laugh. The sound of it shoots chills down Taehyung's back, curling up around his shoulders and across his chest like an embrace. “Didn't need to. I know what that nasty brain of yours is capable of.” Jimin teases.

If only Jimin knew that for every one of his naughty thoughts there was another much softer, more *worrisome* thought. Worrisome because their presence alone should be enough to keep Taehyung far, *far* away from this friends with benefits business. The kind of thoughts that make floating out to FWB territory a very bad idea, very risky waters to sail.

He chuckles like he has none of those thoughts at all. “Keep out of my brainspace, Professor X. My nasty thoughts are too much for your virginal ears.” He motions his hands vaguely around his head. The second the unfortunate word choice leaves his lips, his spine goes positively straight. Jimin's features freeze too, just long enough for Taehyung to force a recovery, just when Jimin wets his lips with an unreadable expression.

He lets himself walk, *makes* himself walk really. He intends to head towards the cabinets for a bowl of cereal, something to fill the silence, return the normalcy, fill his stomach too while he's at it. There's no good reason for his walking a crooked path right towards Jimin rather than his intended destination.

It's too late to chastise himself when he stops about a foot from the table, so he settles for clearing his throat and acting casual instead.

Taehyung is about to ask how Jimin slept, he really is, but the words are too slow. Way too slow; Jimin beats him to the punch, not with words but with fluid motion. He's scooting himself forward with his hands, biceps straining against satin sleeves, sliding down off of the table until he's standing on the floor right in front of Taehyung.

There's less distance between them, notably closer now that Jimin is on his feet again.

Taehyung isn't really certain how he's feeling but he knows it's overwhelming most of his senses. Like a flickering candle, he can feel flames licking beneath his skin. Making him feel too hot and anxious, making him want to shuffle back to his room, shed off his layers of clothes and lay under the blankets for a few hours, staring at the ceiling.

"What were you thinking about?" Jimin's voice is impossibly quiet, and it carries a hot, sensual kind of melody that Taehyung hasn't ever heard from his best friend before.

Come to think of it, that's probably for the best; he would have been busting a million nuts over Jimin for years with no chance of maintaining a normal friendship if he had. Taehyung's barely heard four words and he's already hit with an injection of raw attraction tingling throughout his veins. An amplified sensation, one he's felt before with past lovers and partners, but never quite to this extent.

Jimin is staring at him expectantly, waiting for an answer. He swallows and considers playing dumb for a second, and he's a good enough actor to pull it off even, but he knows he'd just be prolonging the inevitable.

So he goes for the straightforward approach, probably the dumb approach but no going back now; he picks one of the scattered, numerous and entirely inappropriate thoughts from the vault and just blurts it out.

"How good you looked." It's a simple and weak choice probably, but Jimin still seems to very dimly glow under its weight. Like stars humming and twinkling in a desaturated sky, his eyes shimmer some kind of faint response. A positive one too, if Taehyung can read Jimin as well as he thinks—let's be real—is *positive*, that he can.

Jimin licks his lips until they glisten and Taehyung feels another jolt of raw lust. It's so *dumb*, such a dumb, instinctive response. This is just *Jimin*, licking his lips, something he's seen a hundred times at least. But not quite like this; not when Jimin was staring up at him like that, not with the connotation hovering in the air, and certainly not with the green light blinking in the back of his mind notifying him that *sex is a go*.

"That's not nasty at all," there's a playful edge to his tone. "What

else?”

He's fishing, Taehyung *knows* that he's fishing, he's too aware. What he wants is obvious, it's painfully obvious even if he isn't outright saying it. Taehyung has vague flashbacks to some hookups from college; ‘and then what’, ‘what are you wearing’ and, ‘but what if I was with you’, texts and he almost chuckles. He only manages to avoid running the risk of ruining the moment because he's too easily distracted by Jimin's expectant gaze, the way his lips are almost shimmering beneath the light.

“What else was I thinking?”

“Yeah.”

“I thought you could read my mind, what happened to your mutant powers?” Taehyung has the audacity to tease him and he can read the sassy retort on Jimin's smooth lips immediately, but right when he expects it, it doesn't come. It must have been buried down somehow, because Jimin doesn't respond like he imagines, could *ever* have imagined.

“I want you to say it.” It sounds a lot less soft and inexperienced and a lot more borderline demanding. It's fucking *sexy*, to be totally honest. His mouth looks so good saying those words.

Taehyung can barely suppress the urge to groan. Jimin is supposed to be *innocent*, practically virginal; so why is Taehyung standing here half hard over a few words, shaken up by every motion?

He doesn't give himself a chance to back out even though his brain is screaming at him to do a tactical retreat. Who listens to their brain anyways? Brains are good at *suggestions*, but you can choose to ignore them if you want. Taehyung is apparently pretty good at that.

“I was thinking,” he pauses *only* for dramatic effect, to see the way Jimin is hanging on his every word, “that I didn't think I would want to do this.” It's surprisingly honest and raw, more than he intended it to be really, but it's out there in the open now. Probably better that it is.

“Do this what?”

“Do any of it. Want any of it.”

Jimin swallows and it's both visible and quietly audible. “Want what?”

Taehyung laughs but not because it's funny. It's a brusque, unexpected, bubbling kind of laugh, like dry ice. Cool and involuntary. "Just things;" his brain keeps screeching at him to *shut up* but he's about three words away from losing the fighting urge to refrain, "like wanting to run my hands up your thighs and fuck up your hair with my hands." His voice is coming out crackled and tight now, as tight as the fabric of his underwear against his now fully hard cock.

If there's a such thing as a true No Return Zone for Taehyung, he's just arrived, dropped off by jet with a one-way ticket, bags packed, cock awake and ready to sight-see. Oh well, he put up a damn good fight. Like, award winning, real major leagues style; MVP of resisting Jimin: Kim Taehyung. He always did have an impulse control thing, it's amazing he held out this long when he thinks about it.

Jimin seems to have forgotten how close he is to his mouth, maybe it's the shock of it all, hopefully not because Taehyung had gone too far. *All* Taehyung can think of is that Jimin's parted lips look so fucking inviting.

Out of the two of them, it's Jimin who always seems positive that this is exactly what he wants, Taehyung for his part, kept trying to talk himself out of it. Despite this fact, it's him who moves first, not Jimin.

His large palm extends out and he grasps the table at Jimin's side. Jimin backs up until his ass is bumping into the edge, heavy eyelids fluttering slowly. Taehyung unhurriedly moves his remaining hand to Jimin's other side, lands it on the line of Jimin's waist. The hand at the table joins on the other side as Taehyung edges forward as close as he can get, until their thighs and chests are pressed together.

In one smooth motion he grips Jimin by the waist, breathing out as he lifts and carefully distributes Jimin's weight back onto the tabletop. Jimin moves his legs apart until Taehyung's pelvis bone sits flush against the table-edge, situated between the other's wide thighs.

He can only think that he should have just come over here between Jimin's legs in the first place, never let him drop down, no stupid hesitations no matter how logical they were.

It's Jimin's turn to stare at him now, like staring down at an impasse, a juncture of change in your life.

"You can say stop." Taehyung spills out the words, one last desperate attempt to keep calm, do what's probably right. He still can't shake the

thought that he should stop this all, just say no and save their friendship. Even if he's basically standing in the No Return Airport. If Jimin wanted him to, he could still turn around and take a new plane. It would suck, like real legitimate angst movie agony, but he could do it if Jimin asked.

Jimin answers him by closing the gap between them and hesitantly pressing their lips together.

The electrifying, deep cleaning effect it has on Taehyung is instantaneous. A defibrillator to his nerves, his thoughts, every part of him, a vivid, life-giving shock.

They're nose to nose, the same height, thanks to Jimin being seated on top of the table, so Taehyung doesn't even have to move really, just barely tilts his head to the side to allow better access.

The first kiss is tame, with so much shyness and uncertainty present that it was a barely-there press, lips dusting over one another like someone who's never kissed before in their life at all. Taehyung knew this wasn't the case, not for either of them; but no other kiss he had ever experienced was quite as demure and soft as this one was.

It was pure and soft and sweet like Jimin.

When they break apart Taehyung inhales and exhales a dreamy breath, still not quite sure all of this is real.

It certainly feels real when he stares into the dark brown depths of Jimin's eyes, barely open, lips still parted and ready, practically begging. The way Jimin's hands are slightly squeezing his forearms; he doesn't recall Jimin lifting those hands to touch him in the first place, when did they get there?

Who is he to refuse Jimin?

Taehyung descends before he has a chance to try talking himself out of it again. Going with the flow is his style, he reminds himself, just go with it. His lips land much more fixedly than Jimin's initial kiss, firmly slanting over the plump lips that were turned up towards him. He leans his whole body into the kiss and he can't express how good it feels to finally, *finally* be able to slip his large palms up over Jimin's legs, from knee to thigh, stopping to flex over the muscle possessively as he widens his jaw and deepens the kiss slowly, testing the waters.

When his fingers move against the smooth, silky pajamas, Jimin parts

his lips and his hands are emboldened, rubbing their way up from Taehyung's arms to wrap around his neck. Taehyung thinks he might pass out from the sheer adrenaline rush at this point. Jimin's embracing him, arms around his neck to hold him close and Taehyung wants to explode.

His grasp loosens to wander teasingly up towards Jimin's hips, settling over the curve of his amazing ass. He groans into Jimin's mouth at the way the gentle swell feels firm and full in his hand, he can't wait to get a proper handful. Whatever gentle and experimental pace they were going before is accelerated to full fucking speed ahead when Taehyung lets out his raspy groan; Jimin reacts like a man who's just been presented with food when he's been starving.

His strong calves hook around Taehyung's backside, ankles intertwined to make the hold extra tight, and their pelvises are pressed so close that Taehyung doesn't need to guess that the hard-fleshy junction that's rubbing against his clothed cock is Jimin's own.

He growls, a cross between an actual fucking growl and a watery moan, right down Jimin's throat, and he can't wait another second to pour his tongue in after. Jimin's tongue is fucking, unfairly long, Hoseok teased him that it was like a giraffe's tongue and fuck, he's not wrong. It laps against his and Taehyung feels a painful jolt to his cock like it's expecting to get harder, as if that's even possible. He's pretty sure he's never been this fucking hard before, someone should notify his dick that this is it; this is the prime, this is the best you're gonna get. Don't get no harder than this buddy.

The need to roll his hips is too strong, and he winds them intently to indulge himself, enjoying the small whines it squeezes from Jimin's hot lips every rotation. The friction builds unfairly quick, or maybe it's just because he's so worked up and this is Jimin in his arms, but it barely takes a few minutes before he's panting into Jimin's mouth and he has to pull back to breathe.

Jimin whimpers from the loss, apparently he has some world class lungs, but Taehyung doesn't let him go unattended. Breaks are for suckers, he spends his time licking and sucking up and down the column of Jimin's smooth-skinned neck. It's too easy to make marks there, Taehyung didn't know Jimin bruised so easily, but fuck he's glad to know now. He's definitely going to use that to his advantage later, his cock is twitching at the thought.

The skin of Jimin's neck seems as sensitive as it is smooth, beyond

sensitive; he's writhing, bucking his hips and whimpering into Taehyung's shoulder like mad. Jimin's forehead is cradled into the juncture of his shoulder, head thrown to the side to make room for the mouth tracing along it. God Taehyung thinks he could die like this, if just the way Jimin smelled was enough before, this is like overkill.

Taehyung grinds hard and the heat and tension it creates feels amazing. He licks his way to Jimin's earlobe to whisper as much. "You taste good." The words are soft and ragged, probably a little colored by the desperation that comes from holding back for so long just to let the floodgates open. "It feels good, doesn't it?" He punctuates his words with a firm, quick grind of his hips. The table squeaks quietly beneath Jimin's ass, a result of the swirl of his hips and poorly put together, old furniture. "Look at me."

Jimin gulps down some air before he lifts his head. He's sweating a little, enough that his hair is sticking to his skin, and his cheeks are painted red. The eye contact alone is Taehyung's kink, his mouth is watering instantly, fingers twisting on Jimin's waist. "Yeah." It's not articulate but it's enough for Taehyung to be pleased. He sweeps forward and plants a swift, hard kiss to Jimin's lips who chases him back like he wants to steal a follow-up but Taehyung moves just slightly too far away.

He gazes into Jimin's eyes, Jimin his best friend, and he licks his lips. They feel a bit tender from the intense makeout session, he can imagine Jimin's feel similar, they certainly look a bit puffy and wet.

He makes to pull away and Jimin's legs crank tighter around his waist like he isn't going to let him go. Taehyung chuckles, removes his hands from their perch at Jimin's sides to pry away the thighs trapping him in place, and then the hands.

"C'mon." He encircles his best friend's waist and heaves him off of the table with a hum of effort.

"Uh?" Jimin looks irritated, like a kid who just had candy stolen from them and Taehyung can't stop the twisting smile from creeping onto his lips.

God, he feels like a million dollars, like an actual millionaire, this must be what having your dreams come true feels like. He abruptly tilts down and lands a sloppy, self-indulgent kiss against Jimin's lips again earning him a startled little blink in response. It's really dumb but he's sad that he didn't give in a long time ago, what the hell. He

could have been kissing Jimin three weeks ago, what is his problem?

“I’m not going to fuck my best friend on a rickety ass kitchen table.” He scoops Jimin’s smaller hand up between both of his palms, sandwiching it tightly, winking half jokingly, half what he hopes is saucily. “You’re gonna get the VIP package, free of charge.” He tugs a rather reluctant and disoriented looking Jimin towards his bedroom. His lips are still blooming into a grin even though it looks like he’s trying to smash it down.

The first unwanted and untamed thought that comes to mind before they even reach the threshold of his private space is; it’s going to smell like Jimin after this, for days.

“Oh boy, VIP package?” Jimin’s playing along now; sometimes late to the game but always ready to play, that’s his Jimin. Taehyung’s nodding and they make it to his room, fingers tightly clasped together one hand in two. He easily pushes Jimin onto the soft surface with an *oomph*, smile brightening as he settles into the messy, unmade and lumpy bed.

Taehyung towers over Jimin, a teasing smile on his lips. Jimin’s features look intrigued, a little surprised, playful too, but he doesn’t look nervous or like he’s about to back out. It works wonders for keeping Taehyung’s nerves at bay as well.

If he waits too long he’ll end up stopping himself, so he lowers himself towards the other man’s height, back at an acute angle, full bow as he cranes his neck at an awkward approach to land a wet kiss on Jimin’s lips, tongue snaking out before he even moves.

Kissing probably shouldn’t be a part of this... *whatever it is* they’re doing, the kissing part is honestly fucking him up right now. He should cut this out of whatever weird FWB territory he’s stumbled into, but now that he’s in this thick of it he doesn’t want to stop. He doesn’t think he could even stand to stop kissing Jimin now, that honestly sounds like the worst thing he could ever do.

It’s a damn *problem*, but one that he’ll worry about later.

He pulls back enough to nibble at Jimin’s bottom lip, relishing the way Jimin mewls and arches his back as if that would somehow bring them closer together. He obliges Jimin’s obvious wants, pushing his way forward until Jimin is clambering up to give him room and they’re both all the way on the bed, laying out with Taehyung propped up on top with his arms up-holding his weight.

He drops his pelvis down eagerly, a dip to grind his cock against Jimin's as they start the whole process they began on the table again just to be *thorough*. He's back to sucking maroon marks down Jimin's neck and collarbones when he feels Jimin's hands weasel their way between them to unbutton his shirt.

Taehyung splits them apart, slurping up the extra saliva that had collected in his mouth, and watches attentively as Jimin clumsily works his way down the pajama top. When it's all undone he doesn't waste any time sending his small hands on a search mission underneath the hem of Taehyung's shirt, cool fingers teasing their way over top of the smooth, flat skin.

His eyes flicker closed to enjoy the sensation before he remembers that this is supposed to be about Jimin. He wants it to be about Jimin, anyways. Dropping back into the bed, he kisses his way down the hot skin of Jimin's chest, descending over the hard planes of his abs. He takes his time, lavishing the skin with his tongue until there's spit pooling in the divots where the shadows lay. He quickly places a soft kiss over Jimin's belly button before moving lower. The way Jimin's stomach muscles quiver beneath his lips makes his own muscles tense with restraint, miraculously held back despite the fact that he wants nothing more than to fling himself into action.

Taehyung wonders briefly if he's trash for doing this with Jimin, even if it is what the other says he wants. He crams the stray thoughts into the back of his mind to focus on the task at hand; tasting his way down Jimin's hard body, the salt of his skin as he trembles and pants.

Jimin is breathing hard when Taehyung sits back on his haunches and grips onto the silky pajama bottoms. He peers down intently, poised and ready to tug. "You good?" He asks. He *needs* to ask, just one last time.

There's no hesitation in Jimin's voice, he sounds confident if not a bit quiet and flustered. "M'good."

Well, that's enough for Taehyung, for now.

Jimin's trust in him is palpable. And feeling, seeing that trust, creates a cocoon of warmth around Taehyung's heart. He swallows thickly before yanking the fabric none too gracefully.

He had seen Jimin in boxers and a towel before but, ya know, nothing

quite compared to seeing Jimin splayed out on the bed before him, legs spread open after his pants were removed, in just his boxers, torso exposed and his hair a mess. His pupils are dilated large black orbs surrounded by pools of dark brown. His lips are parted like words or maybe a moan are waiting patiently on his tongue. His cock is hard in his boxers and his thigh muscles bulge on either side of Taehyung's own legs, sinking into the bed between them.

Taehyung considers prolonging the foreplay for a moment; swooping back in for more hot facetime with Jimin's amazing tongue sounds like heaven. But he makes a decision that he's tired of fucking around for now.

He folds his fingers into the band of Jimin's stupidly nice, expensive name brand underwear, relishing in the way Jimin sucks in a deep breath like he's taken off guard. "Lift," he orders gruffly.

Jimin complies easily; for being so bossy and sure of himself, a pest even, he sure is eager, borderline submissive. Taehyung fucking loves it, he's drunk on it, can't stop the smile as he strips the underwear off in a clean swoop.

He *really* wasn't prepared for Jimin's cock. Not that he thought he was in the first place, he knew he wasn't, but he was even less fucking prepared than he even *thought*. Shit, he's so deep in this. Chills crop up over his skin like prickles of sudden rain, he can't suppress the shiver that rocks through him.

Jimin's cock is fucking *pretty*, like really fucking pretty. Pink and swollen and leaking and it's thick but not long and Taehyung thinks that if there's such a thing as *dick art*, this guy's got, The One, The Prize Winner, The Prize *Weiner*, if you will. Taehyung *really* appreciates a good dick.

He doesn't realize he's been staring just a second too long until Jimin starts squirming underneath him. "Stop staring, oh my *God* ." He sounds embarrassed. His cheeks are twice as pink, ears too, and he's doing that thing he does where he ducks and tries to look anywhere that isn't at whoever flustered him. As if he thinks it's not obvious, or maybe he can hide in plain sight.

He's smiling again, he's wondering if it's supposed to be *normal* to be this happy and smiley during sex. He was never this smiley around any of his other partners. He surmises that it's just Jimin. Jimin has

got to be the reason, it's always like this when it's the two of them together.

"Can't help it," his smile slightly lifts the normal lows of his voice, "your cock is pretty like you."

If Jimin seemed pleased to be called cute normally, it was double for this. He freezes in the act of attempting to hide his face beneath an arm over his eyes, and Taehyung watches the breath leave his chest. A sweet little sigh escapes his even sweeter lips as his cock twitches and his teeth softly trap his upper lip. His eyes flicker closed as he gathers himself and at least he's breathing again, that's a good sign.

"No hiding." He licks his lips, happy when Jimin's eyes peel open, though they do so slowly, a little reluctantly.

"You're so weird." Jimin sounds so flustered he almost trips over his words.

Taehyung offers him a very Jimin-like shrug, crossing an arm to quickly remove his shirt with one hand and toss it to the side. He doesn't really wait or ask permission or even give any kind of warning. The second the shirt is removed, he shifts his weight backwards, down onto the bed. His hand is surprisingly steady when he reaches out to take Jimin's weight in his hand; it's heavy and smooth and it twitches as Jimin coughs up a gasp-moan hybrid.

Taking a moment to let Jimin adjust to the feeling and prepare himself for what was to come, Taehyung stares up at him with his bottom lip trapped between his teeth. God, Jimin looks so good like this, from this angle.

If Jimin objects to what he's about to receive there's no verbal or physical indication, so Taehyung dives right in. He licks his way up and down the precum coated cock and hums out contently because it's *good*. Jimin is already breathing roughly just at that, but when he plunges his mouth until Jimin is buried snugly inside, all the way to the back of his throat, Jimin is an absolute mess of sounds. His reaction is so visceral and verbal that Taehyung groans around the hard shaft in his mouth, earning him a loud moan. "*Ah-Tae.*" Taehyung's hips press fitfully, futilely for any kind of friction or relief. *God.* ..Taehyung almost chokes on Jimin's dick in response to the man's moans and he thinks that's really unfair.

It's probably for the best because the moans inspire Taehyung like nothing else. He's never given a more proper blowjob in his entire life;

he's swirling, working, sucking, licking, everything he can do as thoroughly as he can do it. Every time he hits the right speed or angle or place, Jimin lets out a garbled whine or a soft moan, and Taehyung celebrates with an unsatisfying but necessary grind into the blankets. Anything to relieve some pressure.

Jimin's fingers are in his hair, tugging sharply, when Taehyung realizes he needs to slow down. "Taehyung, if you—" Jimin is struggling to get the words out past a breathless whine, his body is tense, muscles bunched and trembling.

He abates to a near stop, twisting his tongue around the head a few times before pulling off entirely with an erotic slurp.

Jimin seems both pleased and longing, his expression a mix of fucked-up disappointment and relieved that they'll be able to continue. " *Fuck* ." Taehyung utters, voice compressed.

It turns frantic way too quickly for Taehyung not to feel overwhelmed, almost dizzy.

Like an ocean wave, Jimin builds, lifting up from his spot as Taehyung is hoisting himself up and wiping his mouth where the saliva has spread across his cheeks and down his chin. Then Jimin is crashing against him in every way; his smaller hands are tugging at the band of Taehyung's shweats, pulling so vehemently that Taehyung becomes equally quick and desperate as he rides the tempo Jimin's setting. That tempo is fucking *fast* , needy, enthusiastic, frustrated.

He kicks off his bottoms, both sets of them, until he's entirely nude, so quickly he almost tumbles off the bed. Normally this would be funny, he would laugh or smile, even ten minutes ago he would have been smiling, but things are too intense now. Neither of them laugh, they just snap back together like a firm rubber band, crashing back onto the bed, connected and pressed together in every possible way. Jimin's tongue is so deep in his mouth, their teeth are clicking, moans and stray tendrils of spit are slipping out from beneath the breaks of their lips each time they shift heads or pull back to bite or suck.

Jimin's hands are feverishly sweeping over every part of him; they push their way between their close bodies and then he's gripping Taehyung's cock with both fucking hands. Taehyung lurches, every part of him, from his hips which jerk in response, to his shattered moan, to his heart in his chest.

It abruptly stops the kiss, pauses it. Their lips are still pressed together

motionlessly, so closely that they're only inhaling each other's breath, no fresh air, nothing but the hot essence of each other. Only their tongues move, back to their own mouths as Taehyung's jaw extends with a gasp, and his brows scrunch together because he's so sensitive and he fucking *needed* the pressure. His cock has been begging for it, *aching*, almost painfully, since they started.

He choked out a grunt, thrusting into Jimin's warm fists a time or two before collecting himself and attempting to clear the fog. He's inhaling Jimin and it's intoxicating. "Stop." He rasps into Jimin's mouth.

Jimin's hand stills uncertainly. "Did I-?"

"No," he mumbles quickly, unhappy to think that Jimin is questioning himself, "it's good just...Just stop doing that."

He moves his mouth away from Jimin reluctantly, where he was happily inhaling the minty heat of Jimin's breath, to sink his teeth into the skin of his neck. It earns him a strangled groan, the hands around his cock release from shock.

"*God .*" Jimin gulps, seizing up and throwing his head deeper back into the pillows.

He unhooks his teeth, lapping his tongue over the red marks and smirks into Jimin's heated skin, "Is that good, baby?" Any other time Jimin might bop him on the head, tell him to mind his manners, remind him that he's *technically* the younger one and to stop pushing his luck. Of course he'd just persist because there isn't enough age difference for Jimin's cute objections to matter, but that's besides the point.

Fascinatingly, and to Taehyung's immense pleasure, Jimin keens, a low, long hum leaving his lips.

"Has anyone ever done it before?" He's rubbing their cocks together, and maintaining a steady line of speech is difficult, his words fault and shake as he struggles to control himself.

Jimin shakes his head, clinging closer.

Taehyung's smile turns wolf-like. It's inappropriate, he should snap off this train of thought right at the source; just weed it out and eliminate it. The second unwelcome thing he thinks is: he wants to be the first and *last* person to do anything and *everything* to Jimin.

Jimin is wiggling in his grasp when he doesn't immediately act. He chuckles and they're so close together that the sound is muffled by Jimin's smooth, marked up skin. "Are you impatient?"

He earns a jerky nod and realizes that Jimin is rather quiet, not with moans –because he makes a lot of sounds– but with words. He's tended to withhold from speaking during sex so far; a shame really, because he would love to hear Jimin spewing out passionate responses, begging, talking to him in that sinful voice.

"You want me?" Taehyung asks, he can't stop himself from asking. His voice is low, too low and deep. He pulls back enough to be able to see the other's face and Jimin has his eyes closed again, teeth trapping his lip and muffling his sounds. "Look at me," Taehyung mutters, but the command loses a bit of impact thanks to the feeling of Jimin's cock twitching against his.

Two dark hazy eyes snap to his instantly.

"Thank you," he lays his sweaty forehead against Jimin's. "Answer me."

"Of course." Jimin's answer is solid, strong.

If there was any, teeny *tiny* part of him, that was still trying to fight how hopelessly in love with Park Jimin he is, it just died.

He moans, strong and full, right from the gut, from the heart really.

He's moving quickly now and his hands are working against him, shaking too much as he leans over to his top drawer, opening it in a rush. The alarm clock on top rattles and falls to the floor but neither of them care. Jimin is too busy sucking marks onto Taehyung's shoulder and Taehyung is way, way too far gone now to care. He shuffles blindly around until he finds a loose condom wrapper and his tube of lube.

He feels Jimin's breath hitch beneath him when he returns to his place. Propping up on his elbows he searches Jimin's face as he rolls on a condom.

This is the part he *really* isn't ready for, but so badly wants. Needs

even.

“Have you,” he inhales and then exhales. This is a conversation he never fucking expected to have with Jimin and probably isn’t very sexy to have in the middle of this sort of thing but Taehyung wants to know, to be thorough. “Have you ever...to yourself...” He struggles, and fails.

Jimin is peering up at him thoughtfully, a smile on his lips, almost teasing. “Are you trying to ask what I think you are?”

Taehyung sighs lightly, nuzzling his face into Jimin’s sticky skin. “Well, have you?”

“I’m going to lose my boner, this is so domestic. Of course I have, you’ve seen my dildo, duh.” Jimin is giggling, nuzzling right back, and Taehyung bites his shoulder as playful punishment.

The other is squirming and laughing, and honestly it’s amazing that Taehyung hasn’t lost his boner yet because this isn’t exactly the sexiest thing that’s ever happened in the bedroom. But no, his cock is definitely still standing at attention. “Shut up.” He lifts his head, shakes his hair out, and props up on one arm.

He’s fumbling to reach the lube that’s in an awkwardly too-far place, and then he hands it to Jimin with a quirked eyebrow. “Alright, leggo.” He holds out his palm. “Lube me up, so I can lube *you* up.” He’s trying to keep the mood of the room light despite the way his heart is pumping with nerves and emotion, because he’s about to be inside of Jimin soon and he’s not sure he’ll ever be ready.

Whatever cute, giggly part of Jimin that was there a second ago is replaced by a more serious, timid looking Jimin. He’s also looking a bit scandalized and Taehyung can’t do much but smile.

“I can’t believe I’m about to have sex with someone who says leggo.” Jimin is uncapping the lube and squirting the liquid, a fucking lot of it, onto Taehyung’s fingers. He still looks hesitant despite his gentle voice and teasing words.

Taehyung takes his time to rub it in and warm it up. He’s trying to steel his nerves, but it becomes a lot easier to speed up and want to continue when Jimin starts grinding against him carefully, sucking marks on any part of Taehyung’s shoulders and chest that he can

reach.

The first finger is partially awkward, a bit thrilling, and terribly arousing, for Taehyung at least.

Turns out that Jimin is not entirely inexperienced, not that Taehyung really thought he was but he wanted to be sure. The way Jimin throws his head back and careens his legs up and apart as Taehyung inserts a lubed up finger makes him lose his mind. He breathes heavily into Jimin's hair, his cock agonizingly hard as he feels how tight and hot Jimin is.

It's a little surreal, finger fucking your best friend for the first time. It's not something he ever planned or had on the agenda. Surreal as it is it's also his fucking wet dream. Jimin responds to every single motion and stroke of his fingers with fluttering eyelashes, frowns and gasps.

"Are you sensitive?" Taehyung asks, murmurs into the shell of his ear.

Jimin croaks out a short, "Very," and his knees squeeze against Taehyung's ribs. Jimin's arms are wrapped around his back, fingers fitted into the grooves of his spine like they belong there.

Taehyung kisses Jimin's temple lightly, breathing in the sweet scent of his hair mixed with the sweat that now coats the fringes of his bangs and sideburns. "Ready?" He asks, "Two?"

His response is a twitchy nod.

"You keep looking away from me." Taehyung pouts, words trembling thanks to his heavy breathing. He's happy when Jimin moves his jaw over to look into his eyes and he really wishes that Jimin would only look at him the entire time. He wants to see every single detail on his face, every squeeze of his nose from oversensitivity, every jaw-dropping moment of pleasure. "Ready?" He asks again.

"Do it." Jimin licks his lips, nudging his head up against Taehyung's jawline, snuggling there and pressing his nose against the skin of his neck. Well, Taehyung can't see his face this way, but it still feels good. *Right* even, with Jimin clinging to him like he wants them to become one person instead of two. It'll work for now.

He adds a second finger and Jimin pitches his hips up with a jolt, a soft moan leaving his lips, absorbed instantly by Taehyung's hot skin.

His fingers pump in a slow and steady motion, focusing on angle more than anything, and he's honestly putting more attention into listening to Jimin and studying the fractional movements that he makes. So when Jimin's calves link behind his lower back and he's suddenly bouncing his hips and fucking up onto Taehyung's fingers, he let's out a garbled groan. "Good?"

All of his attention violently tilts to his hands and suddenly he's completely concentrated on the way Jimin's soft, full ass is bouncing against his knuckles, riding up onto his fingers. He's jerking his wrist down to meet each thrust, going deeper and faster each time, and Jimin's in shambles in minutes. If he thought earlier was intense, this is something else.

Jimin may be hiding his face, the sounds may be muffled by his own shoulder, but Taehyung is positively feeding on the near constant whimpers and grunts he's making.

He doesn't have to ask if Jimin is ready to move on this time. Jimin is blurting out, "More." And Taehyung complies so quickly, though carefully, that he almost loses balance from where he's holding himself up.

His cock is begging for him to touch it, to receive some kind of love and affection, it's aching and he can feel the precum dripping but he leaves it neglected for now. There are more important things, like the fact that he's 3 fingers deep inside of Jimin, like the fact that Jimin is pitching his ass up against him. Taehyung is gasping now too, panting heavily, mouth parted and tongue doing a near constant loop of scrubbing against his bottom lip as he concentrates.

There's no surprise when he fingers Jimin's prostate, even if he miraculously didn't know –which he definitely did– because Jimin makes it so clear with a squelched sob.

"That's..." It's the only word Jimin can get out, and Taehyung draws back his chin enough that he can almost spot Jimin's forehead through the curtain of bangs. Fuck, he wants to see Jimin's face.

"Stop looking away from me," he instructs, and his voice is harder this time despite the fact that he's out of breath, excited, overwhelmed and so turned on he can barely think. "I want to see you." He finally clarifies; he hopes it'll help Jimin keep focus to look at him. He needs to see that face. He craves it; as long as he's not touching himself he has to at least get some relief somewhere, and this is the best thing he

can think of.

Jimin is dropping his head back onto the pillows, his eyes are searching and he's swallowing down moans in an attempt to seriously inspect Taehyung's features. He feels a bit anxious under the gaze but he's glad to see Jimin's face. It's sweaty and pink and strikingly beautiful. He loves it.

The other doesn't make it long while trying to bite back those sounds because they're pouring out again, when Taehyung works particularly hard to make sure every motion brushes against Jimin's prostate and each time Jimin shakes in his arms and bites his lip and moans.

Taehyung feels his heart swell with pride, he loves Jimin's expressions and the way he smells, feels, *everything* . He feels so full of everything.

"Can we..." Jimin is trying to talk to him, his eyes are pinned to Taehyung's lips, probably because he's feeling unsure but Taehyung doesn't mind as long as he can see Jimin's face.

Swallowing hard, Taehyung licks his lips and leans down to press them to the bridge of Jimin's nose. He whispers the words into Jimin's mouth before he leans down for a kiss. "Can I fuck you now? Is that what you want?"

Jimin shivers against him, lips trembling into the kiss, returning it as best as possible even though he's clearly flustered and nervous, Taehyung hopes so anyways.

The condom around Taehyung's cock is delivering a meager pressure at the base but it's not *enough*, fuck, he wants to touch himself. More than that, he wants to fuck Jimin. He's not ready to fuck Jimin, not mentally, emotionally, but *God* is he ready to fuck Jimin. His cock is revolting against his inactivity, it's causing him physical pain.

Jimin is kissing him back more resolutely now, tongue exploring and fingers moving from his back to play in his hair. His breath hitches at the feeling and he has to pull back before he gets lost in it all, or before his dick really does revolt against him at this point.

"Leggo." Jimin confirms gently, a playful smile on his pretty lips. It's almost unfair in a way, Taehyung wonders how he's expected *not* to fall in love with Park Jimin, how he didn't give in so many years ago. He snorts out a laugh through his nose at Jimin's teasing. Places a

quick, chaste kiss to his lips.

“Tell me if it sucks.”

“Shouldn’t we wait til the end to know that?” Jimin is teasing, only, maybe he’s serious, Taehyung doesn’t know. He’s half smiling, half serious when he quirks an eyebrow at Jimin beneath him.

“I mean, tell me if it hurts, Chim, Jesus. Do you really think I’ll suck?” He pretends to pout, blowing a mischievous, reprimanding puff of air over Jimin’s face and Jimin tilts his face to the side with a giggle. His hands are roaming back down to Taehyung’s back again and they feel good, make Taehyung’s cock twitch again. His fingers withdrew a minute ago, and his right hand aches to reach down and offer his cock some delicious respite.

“Well this is *you* we’re talking about,” Jimin is definitely bullshitting him now, and Taehyung considers making a scene and making him squirm and giggle the way he gets when he’s being teased, but he can’t. His cock is too insistent, and he wants Jimin to have a good first time. He rolls his eyes and sticks out his tongue, but he doesn’t do much else. Instead he redirects his hand to grab his cock, letting out a long, deep hiss as he squeezes and pumps a few times. His cock is sensitive, throbbing and impatient in his hand, but it’ll have to wait.

He lets go to grab the lube that Jimin left near the edge of the bed with the cap off, awkwardly manages to squeeze a little extra on his fingers, much to Jimin’s amusement. He uses the extra dollop of lube he has to slick up his cock over the condom, and also distributes some over Jimin’s hole without much warning. Jimin jumps in his arms with a soft, “Ah.”

He readjusts his knees and moves into position, pressing the tip of his cock forward with a focused frown. Oh fuck, he’s not ready for this. His hands are shaking for every reason, one hundred reasons. But he still taps his cock over Jimin’s ass a time or two, reveling in the way Jimin reacts. He’s trying to let Jimin get prepared, give him a second to back out if he wants. Jimin doesn’t do much besides tense his muscles and chew on his lip, so Taehyung lets out a restorative, preparing exhale and eases his way forward.

He moves *slowly*, so slowly that it’s actually agonizing, almost exhausting for him. The second Jimin’s ass expands to swallow the head of his dick they’re both a moaning mess. Jimin almost sobs, and Taehyung has to bite his lip hard to keep from losing it right there.

“Kay?” He rushes out, trying desperately to keep a clear head and only partially passing.

He gets an extremely unsteady, jerky nod, but it’s probably the best he’ll get. He pauses there with only the head of his cock submerged for long enough that Jimin seems ready for him to move. When Jimin’s muscles twitch and his legs move and he experimentally, barely jerks his hips, Taehyung grunts quietly, and inches forward just slightly.

It’s a *process*, moving all the way in until he’s balls deep inside of Jimin. He’s sitting up, leaning on his calves, towering over Jimin who’s looking both blissed out and in pain, overwhelmed all together. They move slowly, very slowly, way slower than Taehyung’s first partner went with him. But he does it because this is *Jimin* and he’s going to fucking make this everything Jimin needs and would want it to be.

“You’re doing great.” He mutters when they’re half way.

Jimin lets out a soft moan, his cheeks glowing even more pink, and he seems desperately pleased to hear the words.

Taehyung feels something hot inside of his stomach when he looks down at Jimin like that and he can’t help the follow up that parts from his lips like honey, hot and sweet and fucking almost embarrassingly *adoring*. “You’re so beautiful.”

It happens again, Jimin does that thing where he looks slightly too overwhelmed to live, but also so pleased that he wants to cry and Taehyung loves that Jimin is so consistent even in fucking bed. Even during sex he knows how to read Jimin, to push all the right buttons. It’s like being drunk, he’s pleased with himself for pleasing Jimin.

“You can speed up.” Jimin pants eventually rather than responding, and Taehyung nods. He knows he can; after all Jimin isn’t crying and he doesn’t seem too shaken up, at least not to the point that they have to stop. And he knows that Jimin has used dildos before, he saw one in Jimin’s room, he’s sure that he can press forward and it might not be too bad. However, he doesn’t want to go too quickly, he doesn’t want to ruin things for Jimin and also, if he’s being honest, he wants to savor every second. He’s committing it all to memory, so going at this tempo really helps him to get the best photographic memory he can.

Rather than just thrusting all the way in he leans forward and drops

back down to be close to Jimin. The second his face is back within distance of Jimin's, he receives a deep, sultry kiss, one that has his balls squeezing and his cock twitching in Jimin's ass. It causes a chain reaction of Jimin groaning, his ass tightening along with the rest of his muscles and Taehyung feels a dizzying wave of pleasure that's so powerful he has to break the kiss. He lays his forehead on the tip of Jimin's chin, and he feels Jimin's lips flex against the skin sweetly.

He doesn't give Jimin any warning, he can't really, his voice is suddenly stuck in his throat but he thrusts the quarter distance all the way in. Their moans mix together and harmonize, and Jimin's legs lock around his back.

He pauses when he bottoms out, licks his lips and lifts his head, shaking his hair out where it was sticking to his forehead and in his eyes.

It builds dramatically from there, kind of like a volcano. It's hot and heavy and hits a peak before Taehyung feels like he'll explode.

He's slowly snapping his hips, taking delight in the euphoria on Jimin's face. But it's barely five minutes before Jimin has adjusted enough to grow wild, placing kisses on his shoulders and neck, and matching his thrusts one for one. Taehyung sobs out his first guttural moan, the kind that could probably be heard outside of the apartment, when Jimin starts bumping up against him with rigorously, hard, thorough strokes, and Taehyung thinks that he could stop moving and Jimin would just fuck himself on his cock right now.

The thought is almost enough to break him, make him fucking explode right here.

So rather than that he leans forward to bite Jimin's shoulder and drives his cock harder, squeezing the sheets in his fists to fight through the need.

"Fuck Jimin, you're so good." He pulls his chin back when biting Jimin becomes hard to do over the fog of his want and need and Jimin's moans are beginning to sound wet, more like sobs. "It's too good," he admits. His voice is choked off, but his rhythm is still steady, hard and deep.

He didn't want to go this hard with Jimin on their first time, but Jimin doesn't seem to have a problem with it, seems to love it in fact. When

he pulls back again, sits up to his full height, Jimin is keening into the pillows, pleasure vivid on his face like the sun in the sky. His mouth is parted, brows low with intense focus.

Taehyung is fucking him hard. Really hard, propelling his hips forward roughly, so much so that his abs are burning and his arms and legs are trembling. And Jimin is combining yelps and whimpers now into a surprisingly cute, sharp melody.

“Fuck,” Jimin spills out; he doesn’t speak much so it goes straight to Taehyung’s balls, almost makes him fucking come right then and there. “I-I-It’s-” He can’t finish his sentence, he seems to have trouble doing that, so Taehyung urges him on by craning his neck down to nuzzle into his neck, directing his tongue to Jimin’s ear and sucking his earlobe with a wet pop.

“Tell me.” He commands into Jimin’s ear lowly.

“-- *Good.* ” Jimin gasps shakily.

Taehyung scoffs quietly, sucking Jimin’s pulse, snapping his hips forward even harder. “Just good?” He drives in a deep thrust, right against Jimin’s prostate and he lets out a shrill moan.

“Amazing.” He cries out between sobs, a fucking actual mess beneath Taehyung. He’s falling apart at the seams, legs shaking around Taehyung’s back and he’s breathing so quickly, like it’s not enough.

Taehyung actually has to slow down because he’s about to bust a fucking nut and he can’t do it before Jimin during their first time, Jimin’s first time.

Jimin is clawing at his back and shaking his head the second he takes the speed down a few notches. “Don’t,” He says desperately.

Well, shit. Taehyung’s at an impasse. He feels a wave of chills break across his skin at the way Jimin’s short, trim nails still manage to feel so good, borderline painful, against his skin. “Are you close?” Taehyung has to ask, because that’s the only way he thinks he can manage to go faster without ruining all of this.

The wild jerk of Jimin’s chin is good enough for him.

He renews his thrusts and doubles his speed. The sweat is pouring now, slipping down his back and ass, his legs, he’s working hard; both physically, and to keep himself from coming, half of the exertion

comes from there. He didn't even know he had this much fucking willpower but he's digging deep.

Jimin's practically singing now, loud moans, frequent and startlingly beautiful. His voice is always pretty, and he likes to sing in the car and the shower too, so Taehyung knows just how beautiful it really is. But somehow he isn't prepared for just how heavenly that voice sounds crying out moans from the things he, Taehyung, is doing. He squeezes his eyes shut and has to mentally wrestle with control again because Jimin is so fucking hot, that he can barely stand it.

It's burgeoning now, too close, Taehyung is *too* close to losing it. God it's painfully close, like fighting off a wall of sweeping, absolute demand. "Jimin, I need you to come." He orders, and he sounds frantic to his own ears. "Come for me, Jimin." He licks his way into Jimin's slack, open mouth, and Jimin is too far gone to even respond.

"I—" It's really all Jimin has time to get out before he's freezing, all sounds ceasing and his body going still; Taehyung has never been more affected during sex before. He watches, positively arrested by Jimin's dazed, unfocused gaze and his frozen features, before he's shivering. Taehyung can feel the warm sticky cum shooting up beneath them, can feel Jimin's ass constricting around his cock and it's all way, way too much.

He comes instantly, at the exact same time because he actually can't hold out anymore. He's amazed he was able to go that far.

He finishes with hard, choppy thrusts and a raspy groan of Jimin's name.

Jimin's hugging him tightly, apparently unfrozen beneath him and he is hazily able to recognize that he's getting kissed on his neck again, small little peppering kisses that make his heart flutter even as he's coming down from his high.

"Wow." He murmurs when he finally clears up the ringing in his ears and collapses against Jimin, not even caring about the way Jimin's cum squelches on his stomach Jimin *oophs* and giggles softly.

Jimin pats his back playfully and Taehyung hisses because it seems like Jimin's nails actually did more damage than he thought.

"That's it." Taehyung inhales the scent of Jimin's hair, where his nose is currently buried. "That's all I've got, I'm spent." He kisses the nape of Jimin's neck tiredly. "No more sex for three years."

Jimin's laughing dryly, and his voice sounds hoarse. "Three whole years? That seems extreme."

"The sex was extreme." Taehyung counters.

"Well," Jimin sounds at a loss, "Well, yeah I guess, you got me there. That was pretty extreme."

"Extremely good?"

Jimin's foot awkwardly kicks his ass from where his legs are still wrapped around his waist. Despite the teasing asskick, he receives a kiss on top of his shoulder, "I can say that I'll write about this in my diary." He teases.

"Oh boy, I'm famous." He tries to push himself up but his arms are jello so he just collapses again, much to Jimin's amusement and squished displeasure. He's giggling and squirming around.

"How do you weigh like, an entire ton? You're like a tall noodle."

"How dare you call me a noodle. I'll have you know I have model proportions." He sighs, somehow managing not to get off but to roll to the side, next to Jimin on his back. The cum on his stomach is drying and he still has a full condom wrapped around his semi-soft cock but he's too lazy to move.

"Wow, I've fucked a model." Jimin smacks his hand, and it lays there. Taehyung feels no shame in flipping his over, palm up, and holding Jimin's hand. Not lacing the fingers but palm to palm. He's happy that Jimin doesn't deny him either and it sends a second wave of bliss to his head.

"So did it suck?" He changes the subject, he really shouldn't, not to this one because somehow he's kind of worried, but he throws caution to the wind.

Jimin laughs, from the belly, soft and melodic. "No, it didn't suck."

"Cool, I met my goal then."

"Wow, you really set the bar high. I feel so special." Jimin sounds like he's rolling his eyes, he's probably rolling his eyes. Taehyung wonders but he doesn't look.

They separate after that; Jimin leaves to take a shower, and Taehyung spends half of the alone time staring at the little bumps on his ceiling trying to make sense of it all. He isn't really coming up with much, mostly it's just making him feel a bit like shit.

He severely underestimated Jimin. Or maybe he sorely overestimated himself, it's all a bit unclear in the misty after-sex swamp that is his thoughts. Regardless of the real reasons for it, the problem remains at large; he really astonishingly, *stupidly* thought, that the fact that he was in love with Jimin wouldn't get in the way. For whatever idiotic, naive reason.

Somehow he thought it would be *fine* ; even if his feelings were *strong* , to say the *least* , he maintained an optimistic outlook that it would be kind of like a bull ride.

He had ridden a bull many times before at the fun parks he and Jimin had gone to with their friends. Taehyung was an excellent bull rider when it came to the heavy, 'test your strength and skill' rubber bull they had set up on the big mat there. He was second only to Jeongguk in terms of skill.

He was good at holding on, knowing when to move, which way to move. It was always a fun game for him because he has a natural talent for it, if only being a champion at the bull riding game was a career path he would probably be loaded and famous.

It was foolish and childish but, he had hoped it would be at least a little like that. Despite his feelings, he hoped that if he just *held* strong, clung for dear life, he wouldn't get thrown to the mat.

Maybe he just didn't have the right strategy.

Maybe that's why he's currently feeling a bit like he's been thrown from the bull onto the mat, hit his head. Maybe bruised his ego and dazed him too.

The whole thing is backfiring on him. Every detail flipping over, tumbling like seashells beneath beach waves.

He really *had* just wanted to make Jimin happy. He still wants that really, he wants it with his entire being, his every inch of self. But now he finds himself stupidly wanting more as well. Twenty minutes ago he wanted to hold onto Jimin, tell him not to shower but just to bathe with him in after-sex glow, breathe each other in, cuddle, *the good stuff* .

His heart is already breaking, little spiderweb cracks in the wall he had built to maintain reasonable control over his feelings.

Jimin has been in the shower for a while, long enough that Taehyung decides he doesn't want to be there when his best friend returns, so he pitifully rolls out of bed and meanders to the kitchen.

He shuffles into the kitchen with his shweats clinging low around his waist, but he didn't feel much like putting his shirt back on. He barely felt like putting any clothes on at all. He only ended up putting in the effort before rousing because of Jimin. Showing his cock now that they probably weren't fucking around anymore might be a bit awkward.

The cabinet squeaks when he pulls down a bowl and he noisily and sloppily distributes the grossly sweet cereal into his bowl. When some overflows and lands on the counter he doesn't even bother cleaning it up. Taehyung just grabs his bowl, fills it with milk and strolls to the table.

A scrape of the chair and he's in the seat, slurping his food from the spoon and staring at the center of the table while chewing. The table chirps every time he moves too much, and he's reminded of the fact that just like, thirty minutes ago, Jimin's plump ass was sitting right there. Six inches from where his fucking food is sitting right now and he scrunches his nose at the rebounding thoughts.

He's having a lot of doubts. It was a *bad* idea, he knows it now, he can just tell.

If things go wrong, he'll have to look at the damn table he made out with Jimin on every day. He'll have to sleep in that bed he fucked Jimin in. Well, he supposes that it's no worse than the fact that he'll actually have to just see Park Jimin too.

Of course, there's still the possibility that Jimin will want to have sex again, though it's small, since he's officially lost his virginity now. Taehyung wonders if he should hold out for that possibility, or would that be foolish? He brushes it off as an unlikely possibility, tries not to get his hopes up.

"Why do you look like someone just spit in your cereal?" Jimin's voice almost startles him, *almost*. But he's a bit too numb with thought, too full of other emotions to squeeze in surprise too, so he just looks up

and quirks an eyebrow.

Jimin strides across the room with towel dried hair, looking refreshed. The sticky sweat and cum had been washed off of him□Taehyung thinks about how he had just used a stray piece of clothing to wipe it off of his own stomach, considerably less ideal than a fresh shower□and he thought it must feel nice.

“Wow, way to not clean up your mess.” Jimin’s tone isn’t berating despite his words, it’s followed up by a snicker. Taehyung listens to the *tinkling* of cereal into a second bowl and then he’s no longer alone at the table.

His best friend is sitting in front of him, little purplish marks up and down the skin of his neck, a baggy T-shirt that Taehyung knows belongs to him, covering any other marks that Taehyung knows are probably there. He finds himself staring at them even as he shovels food into his mouth, almost missing entirely as a result of his distraction.

“Hey, earth to Tae, is anyone home?” Jimin asks, and Taehyung’s gaze skips back up to Jimin’s questioning, amused eyes.

“Hmm?” He responds, swallowing with an audible gulp.

“Why are you being so quiet? It’s eerie.” Jimin shivers, pushing his spoon around his bowl without eating. “I feel like I’m in a horror movie somehow.”

Taehyung leans back in his seat, dropping his utensil into the bowl with a loud clack, giving off a small but hopefully reassuring grin. “I’m good,” he says, “Don’t worry ‘bout me. How are *you* ?”

“Good.” He sounds a bit reserved but sweet, and Taehyung wonders if he should question that. “I’m good.”

Taehyung clears his throat. He wants to run away from the conversation, it’s rapidly turning weird and awkward and he wants to throw himself off a cliff but, instead, he just nods his head and uses his foot to lightly kick Jimin in the shin.

“Ahh,” Jimin yelps, reaching beneath the table to rub his leg, though Taehyung is sure he barely applied any pressure at all.

“Was just checking that you weren’t a ghost or anything.”

“Funny, I could check you too.” Jimin is already smiling again, less stiff than before.

“What about your unfinished business? Is it finished now?” He asks. His voice is tight like a rope drawn to its fullest potential, and he’s already feeling that sinking feeling. Why didn’t he just let good be good enough, why did he have to go blurting out every single thing he thought without any regard for reason and caution? Why did he always try to ruin things for himself?

Jimin’s features seem a bit blank, frozen, and the red of his cheeks from his shower, or maybe it’s just a blush Taehyung isn’t sure, seem put on display. The pause is way too long. Taehyung is fidgeting in his chair, bouncing his leg by the end and he forces himself not to speak because speaking will definitely fuck it all up, but he doesn’t think he can maintain cool much longer.

“Oh. I guess.” Jimin says eventually, his voice is a gentle hum, hushed as if there might be someone to overhear.

“Ah,” Taehyung replies because he feels like he’s expected to say something, but no *actual* words with *actual* meaning come to mind, so he just sits there dumbly.

Jimin had to go to work six hours ago, and Taehyung has managed to shower since then but that’s about it.

He skipped his classes for the day, decided he wasn’t feeling up to dealing with people, considering the mood he’s currently in.

Four hours later and he’s fighting off frustrating, emotional tears into his microwaved lunch.

It’s pretty clear that this was all a big fucking mistake, of course he knows this now. So he’s trying really hard to be an adult about this, pretend that giving Jimin what he wanted was enough for him.

It really fucking isn’t, though. It’s selfish of him, but he can’t help the way he feels.

He really should have kept just, repressing his feelings for Jimin forever. Told Jimin that they couldn’t have sex, put his foot down. It was easy enough to pretend all of these years. In fact he actually almost had himself fooled too. As long as he didn’t cross too many

lines it wasn't that hard to keep a level head, fight back against his feelings.

Wow, it really was like falling into the ocean, sinking to the bottom of the deep, dark, silent place where he couldn't be reached anymore.

He keeps thinking of all of the ways Jimin felt, sounded, smelled, when he was caged beneath him.

Taehyung thinks that he's a fucking goner.

He manages to not sob into his food. It's a good place to start, as good as any on his long miserable road down to his destination of melancholy acceptance.

He was able to sleep with the love of his life once, he tells himself he should be happy with what he got. Not everyone even gets that much, right? It's a band-aid, what he needs is something much stronger, but it'll have to do.

It seemed inevitable that Jimin would come home when he was moping as it were, but Jimin manages to surprise him. Jimin comes home earlier than usual, earlier than the calendar on the wall says he's supposed to come home, and Taehyung is sitting in the living room blankly staring at the wall above the television when he appears again. Taehyung was even less prepared than he was going to be around the time Jimin was due to be home.

He clamps his jaw closed, head jerking in the direction of the entryway, watching Jimin eyeball him as he kicks off his shoes and transfers into his slippers. His work uniform is being stripped off before he crosses the room this time, and Jimin's eyes are glued to him as he does.

Taehyung watches with his breath caught in his throat as Jimin unties the apron from behind him, tossing the yellow fabric to the ground without care. He's helpless to stop himself from staring at Jimin's hands as they dance down the front of that starched button-up, twisting buttons until his undershirt is visible. He shrugs the shirt off and tosses it into the pile. He's just in his undershirt and slacks now, looking tired as he fiddles with his belt and slips that off without a pause.

“You know how,” Jimin is speaking, and Taehyung is mesmerized by the way his beautiful hands are stripping away the belt and tossing it with a loud clatter to the ground, “you always tell me that I can tell you anything without having to worry.”

Taehyung swallows and nods. “Of course.”

“That’s why I did it.” Jimin’s voice wavers ever so slightly, with a hint of something that Taehyung hasn’t seen for a long time in everyday conversation with his best friend: *insecurity*. He hates seeing Jimin looking that way.

As much as he wants to comment on it he passes it up to frown at Jimin’s words instead. “Did what?”

Jimin crosses the room with shuffling steps, tongue licking his lips and eyes blinking past what Taehyung can clearly see is mild discomfort.

Then Taehyung is no longer the only one on the couch because Jimin is beside him, seated sideways so that he’s offering one hundred percent of his attention. He looks tired but, not as tired as usual. He’s home an hour early, strange in itself, but Taehyung hasn’t had a chance to ask what has been going on in just these few moments. He can already feel his heart beating so rapidly he has to consciously focus on calming it down.

“Asked you to do it with me,” Jimin answers slowly, a quiver in his voice. “I did it because you said I could feel safe with you. Tell you anything.”

Taehyung’s bones freeze, his muscles clench.

Jimin is right, they had talked about it many times, so many times, over the years.

“I thought you would understand me.” Jimin chuckles. “I guess you did, huh. That’s why you did it.”

Taehyung isn’t sure that he’s following anymore, he pokes his tongue out to wet his lips and he’s also wedging himself to the side to face Jimin too because he didn’t expect any of this. He thought he had at least another hour of lonely suffrage before all of this. “I–Jiminie, I, I thought I *did* understand you?”

He huffs out a sad mixture of exhale and laugh. “You were just trying to understand me, to make me feel like I didn’t have to be afraid to

talk to you or ask you for something.” He’s staring at his hands in his lap now. “You didn’t want to do it but you did it anyways to make me happy.”

“Wait, I– that’s not...” He begins, but then glues his mouth shut a second later. He can’t respond, he can’t possibly out himself. Jimin doesn’t understand what he’s asking or assuming. Taehyung isn’t even sure *he* understands what’s going on in this conversation yet. He readjusts his angle of approach to the safer route and starts again. “Jimin, please be clear. I don’t understand why you’re talking like this.”

His brows are low and somber over his narrow eyes. “I thought about it a lot; in the shower, at work. I thought about why you finally did it. Y’know, it really surprised me when you said yes.” He giggles but it sounds a bit less radiant than usual. “I was pretty sure I ruined everything by asking you for that.”

This is too much. Taehyung is still dealing with the heartbreak of sleeping with Jimin and then losing him, now he has to deal with this too? An intense, grim conversation on top of that. “Jimn, is everything okay? Why are you telling me this now?”

“You said you would always have my back.”

“I did and I do.” Taehyung affirms instantly. The only thing he’s really sure of in this whole conversation so far is that he’ll always be here for Jimin.

Jimin’s sigh is more frustrated now, a little defeated too. “It was what I wanted, that’s why I asked and I thought it would be okay. But it’s not okay, is it? *You’re* not okay.”

Something heavy like lead sinks to the bottom of Taehyung’s stomach. “What?” His voice is too dull and empty; blank would be a good defense mechanism if it actually *worked* , but Jimin always saw through it.

“ *You’re* not okay.” He repeats his words rather than clarifying, and it’s frustrating. Jimin nudges Taehyung’s leg with his knee and the contact sends a jolt of energy up his spine.

“I’m fine.” He answers defensively, it’s a *lie* and he’s a terrible liar but *whatever* . He’s not sure why he even tries lying to Jimin.

“That’s a lie.” Jimin’s voice shakes a little but Taehyung can’t tell why

that is. Of course, he and Jimin had been friends long enough for his lies to be practically see-through so why did he even bother. He hopes Jimin won't be mad at him for lying. He's tired of hurting Jimin's feelings. "You're lying to me. If you didn't want to have sex with me, you should have just told me to fuck off."

"I—" He exhales, sudden tension overtaking him, "I—why didn't you just stop asking when I said I needed time?"

"When I said I'd stop asking you told me not to stop. You said yes ."

"Well," Taehyung is back peddling, he's struggling. He's back in the ocean now, sinking to the bottom and he's trying so hard to swim up but it's just not fucking *working* . "Why the hell did you keep asking so much?"

Jimin is responding quickly now, with his voice a seesaw of annoyed and uncertain. "Because I wanted to! I wanted you to say yes . And you *did* say yes!"

"Of fucking *course* you wanted to, you wanted to so badly that you asked *me* , obviously you wanted to. And of course I said yes when you kept asking me so much, how can I not change my mind then?"

"Oh my God, you say that like I asked you as a last resort."

"Didn't you?" How the hell did they get to this point? Fucking Jimin was the biggest mistake of his life.

"No! "

Taehyung feels a tingling sensation again, the same warm and cold one he always feels when he looks at Jimin, sees Jimin's cheeks all red, his chest huffing. He's too weak to even try suppressing it now so it just makes him angry, and bleak, just all around sentimental. "Even if I wasn't, why was it so important that you had to ask me? I already told you Jimin, who *cares* about virginity. You're perfect the way you are, virgin, not virgin, doesn't matter."

"It wasn't about the *stupid* virginity," Jimin puffs up, his words are hard but his voice is a raspy, quivering mess, "I mean, it *kind of* was. But it wasn't at the same time." He fluffs his hands through his hair. "I—Can't you just realize that I wanted it to be *you*?"

Taehyung pauses, going rigid. "I, wait, what? You lost me again." He whispers out the words because it seems like his voice might actually

abandon him altogether.

“I just wanted it to be *you* , okay.” He grunts, his textured, beautiful voice pitching low with what sounds like embarrassment.

“*Me* ?”

“You’re so oblivious, oh my *God* .” Jimin’s voice is breaking down, coming in as soft and insecure again. “Why did I think I could just... *do this*?” He sounds a bit defeated and Taehyung is getting secondhand heartache from the tone of his voice.

Taehyung sees a little tremble shake through Jimin’s hands and he feels like his heart is breaking again. This wasn't supposed to happen, he didn’t want any of this to happen. Maybe he really was stupid for giving in. He shouldn’t have let Jimin get under his skin.

He reaches his large hand hesitantly forward and clasps it over Jimin’s own. “Let’s pretend for a second that I’m an actual idiot and can’t understand half of what you’re saying. Because *every* time I think I understand you, you say something that makes me question it.”

Jimin’s fingers twitch beneath his and he lets out a laugh that sounds more like a sob, watery and thick. “Don’t have to pretend on that one.” He’s staring down at his lap now, looking a bit awkward.

“What’s wrong? Just, try to be as straightforward as possible because I’m really confused here.”

There’s no response for a second, the longest second ever, and Taehyung thinks that maybe he was dreaming this all, but then Jimin is nodding. The crown of his head is really all Taehyung can see but he can tell it’s a nod and it’s a good place to start.

Jimin looks up a second later, but avoids eye contact. He looks shy, the way he does around *other* people, anyone who isn’t his best friend of a million years. Taehyung hadn’t seen that face pointed at him since high school and it throws him a punch right to the heart. He feels his ears heat up with blood as he looks at how cute Jimin could still be when he’s feeling timid.

“I asked you because I *wanted* you, but you made it clear that you didn’t want me. So I had this plan; I thought that if I just asked you straightforward, you’d say *yes* . But then you didn’t, you just, *didn’t* . So I panicked and I didn’t know what was happening. I thought I was doing the right thing but now I know I didn’t. Because you’re not

happy and I—" He's dicing up the words before Taehyung interrupts him, but they read clear enough that they almost kill Taehyung dead right then and there. His soul vibrates inside and his fingers unintentionally squeeze Jimin's hand a bit harder than he meant.

He had too many ways to respond to that, way too many, so he settles for something a bit less static and a lot more big picture.

"—Wait, Jimin slow like, *way* down."

"You've had lots of friends with benefits, right? You sleep around so I thought you'd be open to it."

"Oh *God*, don't mention those people—besides this isn't like that, *you* aren't like them. Not even close." Taehyung can't really process the fact that they're actually, honest to God, having this conversation.

"You're right. I'm not." He snuffles and now Taehyung knows that he's probably crying and he feels like absolute shit. "It's me, isn't it? Did you really not want to have sex with me that much?"

"Am I dreaming right now?" Taehyung has to ask, out loud, because he feels like he's on a reality television show. This is undoubtedly why you don't sleep with your best friend; that goes twice when you're in love with said best friend. "This is seriously surreal. Jimin, if you really think—" He licks his lips as a nervous habit, feeling his heart quiver in between his ribs at the thought of Jimin suffering over something he did or said. He couldn't even finish a damn sentence, he's such a mess. He always forgets how to speak when he's flustered or anxious. Why did he always lose his ability to think, reason during the worst times?

He goes against his best judgement to tighten his hold on Jimin's grip and tug lightly, pleased when Jimin doesn't fight him and slowly peels up out of his spot. His face is still hidden, maybe because he's ashamed, Taehyung hopes not, but he comes when he's pulled. Jimin is distributing his weight into Taehyung's lap a second later, incredibly close thanks to the small loveseat. He's got Jimin sitting across his legs a second later, just a few inches between their faces.

And with all the distance eliminated, there was no way to hide Jimin's little wet streaks. Though he wasn't sobbing, there was enough moisture to make Taehyung feel like absolute shit.

His arms reach around and lock over Jimin's waist. He gently leans his forehead down to lay on Jimin's shoulder cap. "Are you okay?" He

whispers softly into the fabric of his shirt.

“Are you really not happy?” Jimin doesn’t answer him but asks instead.

Taehyung plays with responses in his head, but none sound entirely right, so he eventually gives up and just settles with winging it. “Yes and No. In ways, I’m happy, in others, I’m not.”

“What ways?”

It was an inevitable follow-up question that Taehyung expected, but it still stings and almost sends him into a panic. It’s only through some miracle that he manages to recover, and he’s happy that Jimin can’t see his face.

“Because I worried that I messed it all up. I didn’t want things to change between us. So, it’s making me unhappy and anxious.” He presses his nose into Jimin’s undershirt, inhaling deeply and loving the way Jimin’s scent sinks into his skin, seeps into his heart.

“In what ways are you happy?” Jimin asks. He sounds rather small and worried too, like he’s worried that something might blow up or go all wrong. Taehyung wonders if they’re both worried about the same thing.

He wonders briefly how he managed to reach not one but *two* points of no return in just two days, somehow. Surely he deserves a medal for getting himself into the *most* messed up situation. He lifts his forehead until he’s nuzzling his nose into Jimin the soft fabric of Jimin’s undershirt.

“I’m happy because,” he should fucking *lie*. If he were better at this sort of thing he would lie through his fucking teeth. It wouldn’t work even if he did, his smarter half reasons, because Jimin can read him too well. It would just make Jimin more upset and he can’t risk that. “I ended up with you.” He’s dumb. Really dumb. “I was happy to make you feel good.” It’s his turn to look insecure. Oh how the *turns* have *tabled*.

Jimin’s breath is hitching, he watches it disappear. He chews his lip and waits for it to return; when it comes back it’s shallow and pressed. “I-I didn’t get to make you feel good,” Jimin whispers. It’s ragged and it almost sounds shy, all of his earlier sass and spunk were shelved for now it seems.

“It was good anyways. I enjoyed it.” Taehyung’s just happy that Jimin didn’t respond by flying out of his lap and running away.

Then Jimin is sort of getting up, he’s standing up and Taehyung instantly feels his muscles contract, terrified that it was because of *him*, something he did.

“Let me.” Jimin says, a bit vaguely, standing up in front of the couch, with his feet between Taehyung's legs. Taehyung expected a lot of things to happen today, even five minutes ago he had expectations. None of them have anything to do with Jimin crawling forward to straddle his lap, one leg distributed on either side of his thighs and Jimin’s plump ass seated comfortably on top of him.

It’s his turn to shut up, gasp, look uncertain.

“I messed it all up, so let me make you happy again.” Jimin’s smiling that charming smile, pink cheeks, eyelashes a bit wet from earlier but he’s not crying anymore and Taehyung is so happy he could die. At least Jimin wasn’t crying, at least Jimin looked *okay*. His hands carefully, as if he might scare him off, slip behind Jimin to lightly cup his waist.

“You do make me happy.” He utters, so low he wonders if Jimin heard it, but then he sees the smallest smile on Jimin’s lips.

Taehyung is frozen in place when Jimin shyly bats his eyelashes up at him, leaning in without delay, laying those soft lips against his own. All of that pent up emotion from earlier feels like it’s about to erupt, a wormhole blooming in his chest. His fingers dig roughly into Jimin’s hips, heart hurting with emotion at the way Jimin gasps.

His grip might be painful, too tight. But if it is, Jimin doesn't seem to mind.

Jimin’s leaning into his mouth, tongue snaking between his teeth and twisting eagerly. He thinks he might lose the ability to process thought when Jimin rotates hips against his and mewls gently.

The fabric of Jimin's work pants feels textured and rough beneath the pads of Taehyung’s fingers. He drags his palms over thick thighs and rests them on the folded pockets over his ass.

Jimin keens into his touch, severing the sloppy kiss long enough to utter against his bottom lip, “I thought about you all day at work.”

Taehyung groans, capturing Jimin's mouth against his in a searing kiss, wet and messy. Digits are tangling in his hair, twisting and pulling almost painfully. Taehyung relents kissing just long enough to bite softly at Jimin's lips as punishment for probably pulling out a few hairs.

A moment of bold tongue and dry grinding passes between them before Taehyung feels Jimin's hands unwind from his hair and slip their way down his chest and then to his pants.

He sucks in a deep breath as he feels the soft knuckles slip beneath his waist band and then Jimin draws back abruptly. He's somewhat surprised that Jimin is prepared to go to this length, especially after their short but tense pseudo-argument. Is he really about to get a second chance to fuck around with Jimin? After he had just accepted that they would most likely never do it again?

Jimin slips out of Taehyung's lap, not without hands chasing after him like they didn't want him to leave, and he leans forward with an expectant gaze. His fingers are still poised at the top of Taehyung's pants and he chews on a smile at Jimin's determined, pursed lips. He lifts his pelvis and just like that Jimin rips his pants off, leaving him down to his loose patterned boxers.

His eyes drink in Jimin's movements as he straightens and then he's unhooks the button of his slacks, his shirt bouncing loosely out of the band with ease. It somehow feels like Jimin is getting back at him for their first time, because he's really doing the most he can now. The dramatics are really turned up; Jimin's wearing the most seductive expression, teeth tugging at his lips and eyelids heavy and sexy, cheeks smudged red. He crosses both arms over his torso and lifts his shirt by the bottom hem over his head with patience and technique that has Taehyung's skin tingling with lust.

He itches with the urge to lean forward and scoop Jimin back into his lap. but he suppresses his wants to let Jimin do as he wishes. Besides, he's stock-still, helpless to look away when Jimin's abs are visible, rippling beneath tight skin. The suntan he had gotten over the summer looks so good glowing on his fit body that Taehyung's mouth is watering.

He swallows harshly, and Jimin is slipping off his pants a second later. Taehyung wonders how someone can make taking off pants look so easy and sexy. Usually when he does it he almost breaks something, a leg, a table, his partner's leg. Typical hazards. But Jimin looks graceful

and practiced. He's left standing there in his expensive boxer briefs, snug against his solid bulge. They look damn good, so good that Taehyung has to fight off a wave of chills. The band is low and his hipbones jut out into a prominent V. His neck and collarbones are decorated with hickeys that Taehyung made himself, some dark, some accentuated with little teeth mark crescents.

Taehyung could scream through his nose with excitement, but he suppresses it. “*Damn*, Jiminie.” He declares instead, licking his lips. “I mean, like, *wow*.”

The airy, beautiful laugh that leaves Jimin's lips is absolutely *breathtaking*. He climbs back onto Taehyung's lap and maneuvers himself so close that every inch of cock, stomach and chest are flush together. “You're a dork.” Jimin observes adoringly.

“I stick to my guns.” He shrugs.

Jimin groans on his way forward for a kiss and Taehyung devours the sound with his mouth.

The pace is comfortable, neither too fast nor slow. They take their time making out, grinding against one another, running hands everywhere, squeezing one another, sucking and biting.

By the time Taehyung is aching hard and over the first stage of foreplay, he places both hands on either side of Jimin's jaw, cradling his face. He has to actively separate Jimin's lips away from his own. He holds him in place gently, receiving a small huff of disappointment at having been stopped.

“Do you want to try fucking me this time?” Taehyung inquires, not giving himself time to think about whether it's actually okay to ask, if Jimin really does want FWB with him or if they should stop while they're ahead.

Jimin's cheeks, already flushed pretty before, deepen to a shade of dusty rose. He bites his lip for a long second and his hands grasp around Taehyung's shoulders tightly. “Yes.” Is all he says, and he sounds a bit out of breath.

Taehyung offers a smile, bright and warm like the sun. He stands with Jimin in his arms, very satisfied when legs hook around his waist with zero hesitation and he's holding Jimin there against him. He winds his arms around Jimin's ass and right leg, and walks them towards his room.

Jimin seems happy to just feverishly suck marks onto his neck as they walk, but as they breach the dim light of his bedroom, his rasp caressing the shell of Taehyung's ear. "Are you sure you're okay with it?"

Taehyung cranes his neck to kiss Jimin's cheekbone. " *Very* . Besides, how do you know if you like it or not if you don't try both? Or if you have a preference. Gotta try it everything at least once before you can really have a favorite, right?"

"Do you have a preference?" Jimin questions him as he tosses his best friend none too lightly into the bed. It still hasn't been remade from the last time they fucked.

"I do," he resumes kissing down Jimin's neck when they're in the bed. He loves the way Jimin looks splayed out on top of his sheets, so soft and willing.

"What is it?" Jimin sounds breathless and Taehyung wants to die because it's so *hot* .

Casually talking about sex with Jimin is the best thing ever. Enough to wonder why they hadn't tried it before, on many occasions, because damn does Jimin's voice sound good saying naughty things.

Taehyung speaks between kisses and love bites. "I like it on top. Like being in control." He answers, a thoughtful tone to his voice. He wants to be as honest as possible, because this is Jimin he's speaking to. *His* Jimin, and, at least in this regard, he's tired of lying and trying futilely to hide the truth. "But I'm not too picky; I'm open to anything, especially if it's with you."

He goes a little rigid above Jimin's arched body, a cold rush shooting down his limbs. He's all for being honest but that was *too* honest, *fuck* he really didn't mean to say it like *that* . It sounds bad, no, *worse* , it sounds fucking true, *too* true. He almost outed himself, what the hell, he needs to take it down a notch or four.

Luckily for him Jimin doesn't respond negatively, he barely responds at all except to place his smaller hands on Taehyung's chest muscles and push gingerly. When Taehyung looks down, terrified that he had messed up and ruined everything, he only sees Jimin smiling. He moves carefully as Jimin awkwardly pushes him onto his calves, sitting up.

"Move over here," Jimin says, pointing to the headboard and the

empty space left beside them.

Taehyung nods dumbly, glad that he seems to have dodged a bullet. Jimin seems more concerned with watching him move into place with his utmost attention. It helps balance Taehyung's nerves back to a much more manageable state.

He redistributes himself with his back to the headboard and his legs out in front of him, sitting up and comfortable

Jimin crawls up between his legs and he's straddling Taehyung once again, like the living room on the loveseat but more intimate somehow. Everything seems more intimate in the bedroom with low lighting.

Only the bathroom light is on, peeking out from the open door across his room, and it's barely enough light to make a difference. But it does provide a soft white glow behind Jimin's silhouette like an angel's aura.

Jimin immediately helps rid him of his shirt and then they're both left in underwear on an even playing field and it feels *amazing*. Like winning an award, like ice cream at midnight when you're feeling down.

He runs his hands up and down the bumpy spine of Jimin's back, the hooks of his prominent shoulder blades, the subtle curves of the hard muscle on his back. Jimin's skin is so ridiculously soft like a peach, it's unreal.

Jimin is keening and a little jittery. He's nuzzling into Taehyung's neck with a nervous energy buzzing off of him in tendrils like anxious smoke. "You nervous?" Taehyung comes right out and asks because he can feel it, but he wants to confirm it. Anything to help Jimin feel better, and to do that he needs to be sure.

A reserved nod brushes against his ear. "A little." He sounds *a lot* nervous, but Taehyung embraces him tightly for a few moments hoping to squeeze the nerves out. It feels good, *right* even; it's back into that dangerous territory that makes trying to fuck his best friend a horrible idea, but he pretends that it isn't for now.

He loves the way Jimin smells, beautiful, sweet like candy but also crisp like apples and men's wear cologne. It's so intoxicating, it makes Taehyung's head spin, senses go haywire like a frayed cord ready to snap.

It also smells a little bit like *home* .

Jimin seems to make up his mind after a thorough hug, back rub and teeny, tiny cuddle session. He moves backwards out of Taehyung's lap and then he's removing yet another part, the last piece, of Taehyung's clothing.

His cock slaps his stomach on its way out of his boxers and he hisses through a clenched jaw as the sensitive head stings when it connects. Jimin is eyeballing it with an intent, supple gaze. While Taehyung didn't waste time jumping head first into the blowjob he gave Jimin, Jimin is the *opposite* .

There are lips dragging along the muscles of his thighs, not applying enough pressure to touch. Just enough to fan breath over his skin, cold chills popping up absolutely everywhere.

Taehyung freezes, predatory eyes on the way Jimin is hovering over him, mouth so close yet so far. A tongue occasionally darts between lips and zigzags wet streaks across his inner thighs and the juncture of his legs. Taehyung wants to *die* barely five minutes into this whole thing because it just fucking figures that Jimin would be like *this* ; a fucking monumental tease, soft and submissive but somehow, *not* .

Jimin hovers his delicious lips above Taehyung's throbbing, neglected, cock but doesn't close the gap. There are eyes looking up at him and he expected them to look nervous, in a way they might, but it loses its effect buried beneath the sultry gaze.

Taehyung sinks teeth into his top lip to hold back any words and impulses. He's going to be *patient*, he's going to let Jimin explore, get used to the idea, do whatever it is that he's doing. He'll endure it.

When there's a sloppy, moist tongue tracing a line down the shaft of his cock he thinks he can once again breathe, a good thing because he was about to *lose* it. *Wow*, does Jimin look fucking amazing like this. It's actually a bit stunning, overwhelming in fact.

Jimin doesn't drop his humid, beautiful mouth onto Taehyung's cock like he expects, he withdraws his lips again to kiss his way down. It's a fucking *problem* because Taehyung is *impatient* despite trying so hard not to be; he can't take this, he might explode. He flutters his eyes closed to keep himself in check.

He swears he can feel Jimin grin against the skin of his thigh and his muscles jerk in response.

There's a mouth drifting back to his cock and he holds his breath, praying for this to be it. He *needs* to feel Jimin's mouth, he needs it *now* . He needs to be holstered inside of that wet mouth.

A string of saliva creeps down his shaft as Jimin hovers there, a tongue laps the underside of his cock again but Jimin isn't fucking committing again and Taehyung thinks this is a form of torture. His eyes pop open at the same time as his hand flies out of its place at his side. He slips his long fingers into Jimin's hair and draws Jimin's gaze up to meet his.

Their pupils line up and Jimin's eyes reflect downright mischief that makes him want to fucking pounce. His hold around the back of Jimin's skull is soft but firm. "Jimin, cut that out." His voice is controlled despite the fact that he's about to fucking snap like a twig beneath the pressure of holding back.

Jimin places a feather light kiss to the head of his dick and he almost keels over in an attempt to check his actions. "Whatcha mean?"

What a little fucking *shit* . Taehyung sucks his bottom lip into his mouth and swallows down a disbelieving laugh. "Stop fucking with me." He massages his fingers into the base of Jimin's scalp, enjoying the way Jimin's eyes flicker closed in response. "Let me feel your mouth."

He fucking *needs* to at this point; he can't take this whole teasing game. He feels like he's about to bust a nut out of pure frustration alone.

Jimin may be teasing him on purpose but he's not too cruel. When asked he submits a bit eagerly, as if he was waiting for the order the entire time. His mouth sinks over Taehyung's cock and Taehyung audibly loses his breath, a twist of heat curling inside of his stomach like a fist squeezing inside of him. Both of his hands fly into Jimin's hair to cradle his head in place, not to hold or arrest him there but just simply because he needs to grab hold. He feels like he's holding on for dear life.

Though it's not the most experienced blowjob he's ever received in his life, it still has Taehyung's balls drawing up and his jaw dropping down within ten minutes.

Jimin's movements aren't extremely smooth, the technique isn't refined, but he's *trying* , fuck, he's trying *hard* . The effort *shows* , the effort has Taehyung tensing to hold himself back every second. His

fingers clench lightly in Jimin's hair and he forcefully tugs Jimin to a stop. His cock leaves Jimin's mouth with an audible, sloppy *pop* and he moans lowly.

As Jimin straightens, stretches out his neck, and rotates his shoulders, getting comfortable again, Taehyung shuffles quickly for the condom and lube again. A familiar dance, slightly frenetic movements, he even removes himself from the bed to stand and look this time, but his hands are still shaking. He's excited, his cock is pulsing, sticking straight out and red from blood flow.

He tosses Jimin the square wrapper and stands at the bedside to see that Jimin had stripped away his underwear while he was distracted. His mouth suddenly feels dry as he looks down at how absolutely stunning Jimin is. That pretty cock he loves so much is on display and his knees feel weak. He's about to get fucked by that amazing cock and he wants to pass out.

It's gonna be so fucking good, he knows it. He can't wait.

He's smiling nervously but excitedly when he climbs back into bed.

He prepares himself. Not because he doesn't want to feel Jimin's fingers in his ass because even that thought has him feeling weak, but because that blowjob got the fucking best of him. He's wound up to the fucking max, and he worries that Jimin won't be fucking fast enough.

He spreads out next to Jimin with his fingers working while their tongues entwine and he feels so much fucking bliss already.

"Your mouth felt so good," Taehyung mumbles into the kiss, happy when Jimin moans, "I can't wait to feel your cock." He peppers kisses at the corners of Jimin's lips, "Your pretty cock." He's babbling praise now, feeling quite undone by his pumping fingers and the way Jimin is unfolding his tongue into his mouth and lightly stroking his cock. Taehyung can feel Jimin's knuckles brush his thigh every time there's a stroke. The thought makes him want to peel back and peer openly, watch the show with gratification and appreciation, but he wants to wait. He focuses on fucking himself ready for Jimin, because just like last time, he wants Jimin to enjoy this.

He's ready embarrassingly quickly, but there's no room for shame when he's this ready to be fucked.

"You want to fuck me?" Taehyung seals a final, firm kiss to Jimin's

warm lips.

Jimin nods, a mixture of excitement and clear nervousness on his features, a little shy.

Jimin had unpackaged the condom and rolled it on at some point, probably when Taehyung was too busy fucking himself and thinking about Jimin's hand on his own cock. So he sits there in all his naked glory with a thin rubber stretched over his dick which is standing at attention like it's ready to put on the show of its life. God, Taehyung hopes so.

"Tell me." Taehyung commands, moving so that he's on his knees, two hands tightly gripping the headboard as he watches Jimin stiffly move into position somewhere behind him. It's a little less intimate than before, considerably less so, because he can no longer see Jimin's face.

He's disappointed by this fact, but it'll do for now. He doesn't put any more thought into it when he feels the front of Jimin's thighs line up against the back of his own, a hand splaying out over his back. The strangled, quiet response of Jimin's voice makes his cock ache. "I want to fuck you." Jimin affirms, just like he was told and Taehyung grunts out a pleased sound.

Strained and restless, Taehyung closes his eyes as he waits for Jimin to gather his wits. There are fingers lightly tracing patterns on the smooth, probably hot and sticky skin of his back, but only one hand. He suspects he knows where the second hand is, and what it's up to, and the thought has tremulous excitement coursing through him.

"You're doing great," He praises gently, even though Jimin hasn't really done anything yet, because he feels like the encouragement is necessary.

It seems to ring true because the second the words part from his mouth there's unmistakably the head of a cock pressed against his ass and he's sucking in a tattered breath.

"Just like that." He nods, calmly; it's fucking *fake*, a show, meant to be soothing because the reality is that he's about to blow up, but it seems to help Jimin unload so he pushes through anyways.

Jimin is pushing in and it's Taehyung's turn to shiver and duck his head.

He can hear Jimin gasp behind him, and the second Jimin's cock sinks

in as deep as it can go, there's a muffled moan. He can hear the hand in front of Jimin's lips, and the left hand that's still laying on his back moves to his hip to squeeze hard.

"Fuck me." Taehyung rasps out. His voice is a low scratch, and he grips the headboard more firmly in preparation.

"But don't you need- " Jimin is about to ask, but Taehyung cuts him off by moving his pelvis forward. Jimin's cock slides out and then he's pushing himself back, fucking himself onto Jimin's cock and there's the most lusty, acute moan that has ever left Jimin's lips since they started all of this.

Both hands are slapping onto his skin and squeezing desperately. Jimin thrusts forward probably on instinct, but the effect is the same for both of them. "Fuck," Jimin yelps out, and then he's drilling forward, driving his hips at a fast and shallow speed and Taehyung feels like he can't breathe. It's good; it's really good.

He would love to be holding Jimin down right now, gazing at his pretty face and watching him squirm, dominating him. But he's okay with this too, as long as Jimin seems happy and content, he can surrender.

"You feel," Jimin starts to speak but his sentence is broken up by his lack of breathing and a small groan, "Amazing." He finally punctuates, squeezing his admittedly less juicy ass with a hand. He wasn't exactly stacked like Jimin was but he appreciated the attention to it nonetheless.

Jimin's pattern is a bit unsteady, unpracticed, but his stamina is good. He's fucking so fast but he doesn't seem tired yet. Taehyung thinks that his athleticism comes in handy during times like this; he thinks that it would be fun as hell to regularly have sex with Jimin.

"Fuck me harder." Taehyung's gravely voice is controlled and controlling.

Jimin follows direction well. His hips spring forward deeper instantly, and Taehyung lets out a garbled groan and grasps the headboard harder.

Fuck, he really wants to see Jimin's face. Almost a mighty need at this point, he's feeling frantic for a glimpse. The way Jimin would be sweating, the concentrated frown on his features, would he look strained? Would his nose scrunch the way it might when he's coming?

Taehyung desperately misses Jimin's beautiful face, he's almost at the end of his rope, before he snaps and can't take more waiting.

It's ten more minutes; Taehyung's breaking point. He manages to stay strong through a whole ten minutes of deep, erratic thrusts before Jimin's moans stop egging him on and start *torturing* him. Painting incomplete pictures of what Jimin's face would look like, until Taehyung needs to know. Can't wait.

"Wait," Taehyung is commanding, a slightly unsteady voice and Jimin glides to a smooth but uncertain stop. He looks like he's about to ask when Taehyung feels Jimin pull out and he's turning around.

He quickly caps the distance and lands an intense, rapid kiss on Jimin's lips, before his fingers grasp around Jimin's upper arms and he firmly guides Jimin to lay on his back, head against the pillows. Jimin is stiff when he lays in place where he's been put, hands grasping Taehyung's thigh and arm as he looks up with a small, inspecting frown.

Taehyung doesn't squander any time speaking, he's immediately pitching a leg over Jimin and distributing himself on top. Full color, sparkling realization hits Jimin's dazzling features a second afterwards and he's chewing his bottom lip and looking instantly overwhelmed. His hands lift and settle impossibly softly on Taehyung's body. Starting with two palms running lightly over his inner thighs, then onward to the outside, and then take purchase at his outer thighs, a few inches away from the curve of his ass. Jimin's arms aren't really long enough to reach much farther unless Taehyung moves and he's not ready to do that yet.

He grabs Jimin's cock, which derives a parched sounding moan, and he lines it up with his hole and plunges down slowly.

Jimin's nails dig into his skin and he parts with a groan. "God, Tae," He pants, and there's a crack in his voice when he spills Taehyung's name.

He can't wait even if he wants to. The second he swallows Jimin's cock he's pumping his legs, lifting and dropping his hips like waves against a cliff, fucking hard, deep, almost abrasive moves. His prostate is being absolutely abused from this position, with how hard he's dropping and he's having difficulty not grunting every other time he descends. The sound of his ass and the bottoms of his thighs slapping against Jimin's skin is loud and erotic.

Jimin's hands are holding on for dear life, soft little mewls and yelps leaving his lips every other moment.

Taehyung's positively fucking delighted that he can see each expression burst over Jimin's sweet, pretty features. He commits them to memory, sucking his lips and biting back moans.

"You like fucking me?" Taehyung has to swallow down a swear so that he doesn't miss Jimin's quiet, desperate answer.

"Love it." Jimin murmurs and Taehyung doesn't have to ask him to answer this time so it's an improvement. He learns fast.

"You love it." Taehyung spews out lewdly. His hands settle more firmly against Jimin's chest and he's pretty sure he can feel the drum beat of Jimin's heart beneath his palms.

He's doing well, he's not about to bust instantly though it is a struggle, he's all around much more prepared and poised this time. So, it's like a punch to the stomach when Jimin's hands leave his thighs and then they're suddenly slipping between them and he feels two sweaty, hot hands grip onto his cock.

"*Oh fuck,* " He moans, practically growls.

Jimin looks like he's struggling to keep focused on himself, so Taehyung is surprised when he adds Taehyung's cock into the equation. But both of his hands twist and pump as Taehyung rides and it's almost instantly too fucking much.

"If you do that I'm going to fucking come," He says, much more straightforwardly than the last time. No fucking around this time. Unless Jimin wants come all down his front, he needs to stop that.

Jimin responds as if the sentence alone almost makes *him* come. He's lurching upwards off of the pillows, jaw-dropping and a high pitched moan leaving his red lips. His eyes flutter closed and Taehyung frowns unhappily. Jimin's palms just continue jerking up over his shaft despite his words.

"*Look* at me. And stop that unless you want me to come." He huffs, sputters more like it, because he's struggling to make any words through the exertion from fucking Jimin and holding back his moans, and his orgasm too.

"Then come." Jimin says suddenly, surprisingly firmly. His hands

move harder, more resolutely, if anything.

If the desire to orgasm wasn't a frenzied, hot *need* inside of him, he would have frozen, stopped fucking to lick his lips and just take a moment to appreciate Jimin using that soft but stern voice.

But he's too close, too needy, so he just fucks harder down onto Jimin's cock.

"You want me to come? Come all over you?"

Jimin's moaning harshly, jerking his fists around Taehyung's cock in time to the rhythm of the thrusts. "Come anywhere you want."

Well, *fuck* . How can he just, keep it together and *not* come after that?

Taehyung nods, a grimace pressing over his forehead, drawing his brows down.

"You have to come with me." Taehyung decides. It's half a question half a demand. It might be unfair, maybe it's also unrealistic, but Jimin just licks his lips and stares hard up at him.

"I don't know if--" He starts after a second, and he sounds positively fucked out already.

"--Fucking come with me." Taehyung orders. He's unfair, he really is. He shouldn't be ordering Jimin around like this, but he wants to eat Jimin up. He wants to be able to picture the way Jimin keens every time he makes a command or tells him what to do. He can't help it.

After a small pause, Jimin is nodding determinedly, a positively adorable focused frown overtaking his features like a storm cloud, teeth tugging his lip.

It's really all that Taehyung needs.

He doesn't know how he was able to keep it back that long. He rides Jimin so hard that the bed squeaks, and he worries that his legs might turn into jello and betray him, just straight up give out before they can finish. But they push through.

When Taehyung rasps out a labored, "I'm about to come," Jimin yells out a moan, one that's so loud that he *knows* the neighbors heard this time. Fucking, America probably heard that.

He cums so fucking hard he instantly feels so lightheaded, like he's

about to fall over. Shooting seed all over Jimin's solid, quilted abs, white streams landing in between the lines of his stomach.

He knows that Jimin came through for him too, because if his positively thundering moans aren't enough, the way he's keening, the way his dick is pulsing periodically in Taehyung's ass, is enough proof in and of itself.

Though Jimin seems to need a minute, and he knows just how sensitive it is, he has to pull off. Jimin's groaning, this time pained from how sensitive his dick must be, as it ricochets to his stomach with a stout smack. But the twitching in his ass, against his equally sensitive prostate, is too much.

He rolls awkwardly onto the bed, with his legs tossed over top of Jimin's legs, and they're in a T shape. A mess of tangled up limbs.

"I'm fucking *dead*." Taehyung groans.

"Me too." Jimin groans back, his voice is so fucking scratchy-sounding that Taehyung almost laughs.

"You sound like you did after the Bigbang concert."

"Lowkey, I *feel* like I did after the Bigbang concert." Jimin is laughing but then he coughs lightly, a wheeze. His voice is only slightly out of order, would probably recover after eating something warm and some careful treatment.

"Oh yeah? Sweaty, horny, hoarse and turned up?"

It's good that they can joke like this. It's amazing, so good that Taehyung feels like his head is filled with air, like his heart is four sizes bigger all of a sudden.

"Wow," Jimin's head lolls to the side and they're making glorious eye contact. "It's almost like, you just, *get me* , or something."

"I do *get you* , or something." Taehyung jiggles his legs on top of Jimin's, and they stick together from sweat and body heat.

"Do you?" Jimin asks, a gentle question in a small voice. Taehyung's brows slip down his forehead with worry, and a small amount of unhappiness because; of fucking *course* he gets Jimin. They've been best friends for a fucking decade. If anyone on Earth *gets* Jimin, it's him.

“Of course I get you.” Taehyung can’t really keep the offense from his voice.

The small, chubby fingers of Jimin’s nearest hand tentatively wander across the messed up blanket in his direction. Even as far stretched as his arm will go, he can only reach to Taehyung’s hipbone, so the fingers lightly dust across the skin at the side of his hip, obviously meant to be soothing. It feels a bit ticklish, but there’s just enough pressure that it miraculously doesn’t. In fact, it feels good. So good that Taehyung sighs through his nose and a percentage of his concern boils away right then and there.

“What if you only *think* you do?” Jimin’s voice is imploring, not accusatory but pointed, like he’s trying to say something specific, like he’s got a carrot tied in front of a horse. Taehyung doesn’t want to be the horse in this scenario; doesn’t really think he knows what to do in a situation like this. One that he can see, sense, recognize, but still can’t solve his way out of.

“Well, what isn’t there to get?” Taehyung counters instead of actually responding, and Jimin’s fingers go still from where they had began drawing cute small doodles over his skin with his nails.

“My feelings.” Jimin whispers out, that raspy voice only amplifying the way his usual shy voice sounds.

The gaze he tosses to Jimin is a bit confused, true, but it’s also serious and thoughtful, and he scours the features of Jimin’s beautiful face for signs to read. “In my defense,” He starts carefully, very carefully, he doesn’t want to fuck it up of course, so he’s trying to use some of that *tact* he’s so bad at using normally. “You haven’t really been very straightforward with me.” Wow, what a ridiculously *hypocritical* sentence, it almost tastes sour in his mouth just to say.

Jimin speaks in the middle of a defeated sigh. “That’s true,” the words are drawn out and so soft that they sound like little crackling storm clouds.

“Okay, so, hit me, boss.” Taehyung licks his lips and watches Jimin’s far arm lift and sweep his hair back off of his sweaty forehead, and the younger’s eyes snap onto the sight of Jimin’s red cheeks and puffy lips as his arm plops back onto the bed.

“Card metaphors are dumb.” Jimin mocks him lightly; the same words Taehyung had said those weeks ago, before all this started, when there was still a chance in hell that he might have been able to resist.

“Alright, you punk.” Taehyung lands a light smack against Jimin’s bicep, and his reward is a tired but amused grin. “Don’t make fun of me. I thought we had something special, how could you treat me like this?” He fake pouts, and Jimin’s face brightens, and then dims considerably.

“We do—have something special.” Jimin confirms after a miniature silence that Taehyung spends attentively studying the man across from him. The sheen of sweat left behind by the workout session has dried, leaving Jimin with a very dull shine. Like a buffered floor a few days after the fact, and his skin looks a bit tight though smooth to the touch. There’s currently streaks of dried come across the bumpy planes of his fit stomach, but neither of them seem concerned with remedying the situation.

The legs beneath his wiggle as if Jimin is uncomfortable and Taehyung busies himself with lazily moving, using much of his remaining energy to drag himself up into the spot beside his best friend, the exact same spots they had laid in after their first round of sex.

When he moves, Jimin’s hand separates from him a bit stiffly, sliding back into place lazily next to his hip. The fingers are curled up into a ball, loose but a lot less approachable than an open palm would be.

“So, you gonna tell me, or...” Taehyung asks when the weight of the quiet becomes too much pressure. He begins to feel the awkwardness and worry creep forth into his bones; fear that something was wrong, that he had messed something up, that Jimin would leave. The usual.

“Is it really not obvious?” Jimin is peering at him with a tiny frown, his bottom lip has been captured by his teeth. Taehyung looks into those soft brown eyes with a sense of adoration gushing through him.

“Not to me, not really.”

For a second Jimin says nothing but then he chuckles. It sounds like plucking out a melancholy sound on harp strings, “I guess not, huh.” He sighs, huffs really, and stares back up at the ceiling. His profile is just as beautiful as the front view, Taehyung muses, and without thinking, he rolls onto his side just so that he can lightly move a piece of hair away from the gentle slope of his forehead.

Jimin is holding his breath, Taehyung notices. He fervidly wants to know *why*, but he doesn’t know how to ask. So instead, he just offers a smile, the kind where lips and eyes are closed, a refrained and casual

one. He hears the exhale at last.

“I love you, you idiot.” Jimin’s voice is scratchy; it’s barely even a whisper.

Warmth spreads through Taehyung’s entire body like a heater in the winter. Like he didn’t truly know what it was like to be comfortable and warm before that moment. His index finger twists around a lock of Jimin’s hair and he peeks to see that Jimin’s small, warm orbs are hiding behind his eyelids.

He reminds himself that Jimin probably doesn’t mean what he wants it to mean. Jimin doesn’t feel that way about him. He’s absolutely sure. It’s always been that way; him loving Jimin but Jimin not loving him in return.

“Well, of course you do. If you don’t love me after all these years, I’m a shitty friend.” He watches Jimin’s eyes pop open, the pink that had just faded away from his cheeks flaring back up with a vengeance. His eyebrows sink down and he looks a cross between embarrassed and annoyed.

Taehyung doesn’t fucking know *why*. So he freezes, because fuck it seems like he did something wrong, even though he was trying so hard to be good and get everything *right* this time.

“Oh my God, you really, *truly* are an idiot.” Jimin lightly pops Taehyung’s wrist away, away from his hair and face. The weight is drawn back and he softly lays his hand on the bed between them, not close to Jimin’s arm, closer to himself. “I didn’t mean it like that, Tae.” Jimin snaps, before Taehyung can even formulate a proper question or answer of any kind. “I mean it for *real*. How can you not have known for like, the last six years?” Jimin puffs.

There’s a very slight buzzing sensation in Taehyung’s veins, hard to place the origin or make disappear. It feels kind of like he usually feels on a roller coaster, at the start before any of the drops, when it’s first creeping to a roll and he *knows* what’s coming, but it’s too late to turn back, so he can only try to brace himself.

Taehyung doesn’t want to brace himself for this because it’s just downright illogical. He knows it is. It’s always been illogical; he didn’t want to get his hopes up all these past years so he squashed down any minuscule weed in his perfect garden of normalcy with Jimin. Any chance that it could be true.

“For...Real.” Taehyung repeats, jaw slack, blank face. It must mean something but it can’t mean what he *thinks* it means.

It does apparently.

“*For real*. As in, I love you, Tae.” Jimin stresses the one word in particular, and his whole voice is suddenly a vibrating, shy mess. He’s attempting to hide behind his arm, trying to hook it over his eyes so that he can pretend he’s invisible or whatever it is he does behind his limbs or fingers when he shields himself.

Taehyung isn’t sure about that, he’s not sure about *anything*. He only knows the raw shred of absolute terror, foolishness, and the mind-numbing, full body shiver-inducing appearance of *hope* in his heart.

“But you’re the one who asked me to have sex with you because of all of—” He pauses, hesitates, and then vaguely grimaces, waving his arms between them, “—*this*. Losing your virginity or what-the-hell-ever.”

Jimin’s still hiding behind his arm, only his lips and hair are visible and his voice is a quiet mess. “I didn’t care about losing my virginity, really.” It’s a rocky start, one that makes Taehyung a mixture of excited and betrayed. “I just, I wanted to *be* with you. I thought you didn’t care about me like *that*. Like I do for you. So I thought that at least this way I could be with you once. I don’t know, maybe I could even make you fall in love with me, too.” Jimin’s voice is a strained squeak by the end of the sentence, watered down like he’s crying again, “I dunno, it’s all so fucking *stupid*.” He inhales through his mouth because his nose is covered.

“Jiminie,” Taehyung breathes. There’s a turbulent mixture of emotions inside of him, like a jackhammer inside of his heart, his head. “If you cry again for the second time in an hour, I’m really going to start feeling like shit.”

It’s probably not the best way to start a response. Probably not even in the top ten, but it gets one of Jimin’s eyes to peek out from over top of his arm and that’s a start.

“Do you totally hate me?” Jimin’s voice is a cute sob-like whine.

Taehyung almost laughs, not because it’s funny; it’s far from it. Just like, manic laughter, the straight up crazy kind. The kind triggered by raw emotional overload, and also, maybe the kind triggered by Jimin’s cute little nervous voice too.

“I don’t know if...Y’know, I don’t think it’s possible. For me to hate you, I mean,” Taehyung laughs, lets the sound free from his lips because they waver and betray him, and both of Jimin’s eyes are peeking out from beneath his arm. It moved a few inches and is now only covering his lips. Two eyes are peering interestedly up at him, looking afraid and apprehensive.

“Really?”

“Yeah.” His hand leaves the bed and grabs Jimin’s slender wrist, moving the arm away from his half hidden face. He doesn’t fight it, lets his arm be escorted back down, resting on his chest instead.

Jimin’s chin is dimpled, like he may be *close* to losing it, but there’s no moisture, no tears to speak of, so it’s a victory in Taehyung’s eyes.

“Honestly Jimin,” He inhales, “I can’t *ever* hate you.”

Jimin looks positively radiant with relief. “Yeah?” He sounds like he can’t believe it, Taehyung is thrown off by just how insecure he sounds, like he had literally no idea. How could he have literally no idea?

Against his best judgement, he’s sloppily guiding himself closer, floundering closer in the bed until he’s up against Jimin’s side. He remembers that he’s naked, can feel his sensitive, soft cock pressing against Jimin’s hard leg muscles, and he’s really got to focus on Jimin’s face and that insecurity there to keep himself from getting hard a-fucking-gain. The way Jimin looks truly lost helps a lot with that.

He slings his arm across Jimin’s chest, propping his head up on his hand, elbow bent out and pushing into the pillow. Jimin’s response is unbearably cute, cuddling into his side until they’re perfectly aligned, and Taehyung instantly feels the small fingers dancing across the skin of his forearm.

“Did you mean that stuff? The way it sounds like you do?” Taehyung is pretty sure it’s way too good to be true, it hasn’t sunk in quite yet, so if all of his dreams will be dashed, now is the time. While he still has some defenses left, whatever little bit that they are.

“You mean do I love you?” Jimin utters, the soft warmth of his words fan against Taehyung’s jawbone.

He squeezes his arm and pulls Jimin closer. He drops his chin into

Jimin's hair, nuzzles into it, nudging his nose against his scalp, letting out a heavy exhale. The words sound so unbelievably good to hear, they make Taehyung's heart speed up, his palms feel sweaty. He feels like he's swimming in emotion. He nods against Jimin's silky hair. "Mhmh."

"I mean it." The sound is so tiny, it would have been missed if Taehyung's ear wasn't so close.

Maybe he truly is an idiot. He always hated being called an idiot, in general. He doesn't think he's dumb, at least, okay well, not *all* of the time. Only *sometimes* .

But in this case, looks like evidence is stacking up against him.

"That's..." He drops his head onto Jimin's shoulder, his arm stretching out above him as Jimin spends time yanking his limp arm out from between them. And then it's been slipped around his shoulders, beneath his head, and Jimin is holding him even closer. He's rarely ever the little spoon when they snuggle, strictly for practical reasons, the fact that he's so much taller. But he thinks that he likes this. "That's a relief."

Against all odds, Jimin laughs, voice now coming from closer to his forehead, where he can't see anymore. It sounds louder but also more muffled now. Probably because Jimin is speaking into his hair now. "A relief? Why in the hell?"

Well, full speed ahead it seems.

"Because being in a one-sided love is hard." He fakes a shiver, dramatic and wiggly, and it seems he almost tickles Jimin in some way because he's getting held down by two arms and Jimin is breathlessly giggling in his ear telling him to chill out.

When he's deeply snuggled between Jimin's arms, not his original intention for causing a stir, but a better outcome really, Jimin seems to have let his words sink in. "Are you making fun of me?" He snorts, but somehow, amazingly, he doesn't sound angry or ashamed, though his voice maintains a quiet reservation.

"No," He kisses the slight swell of Jimin's chest, "I'm making fun of myself. For all these stupid years things could have been easy."

Jimin stiffens beneath him, and with his ear against Jimin's warm, creamy skin he can hear the drums of his heart hit high-tempo.

"What?"

He cranes his neck up, and his lips are laying gently against Jimin's jaw when he speaks. "I'm not an idiot." Jimin eyes him skeptically and he starts over. "Well, I *am* an idiot, I have been one, anyways. But I'm not one, not really." He puckers his lips and places a soft kiss on softer skin. "I'm trying to say; let's try it out. Let's stop being in a one-sided love now. It's a fucked up way to be."

Jimin's pressed against his arms and hips where his hand had settled earlier, when they changed up positions. The way Jimin's heart sounds like it's about to explode beneath his ears has Taehyung smiling. "Taehyung," He starts. Full name usually isn't a good sign with Jimin. Right now it seems like he's overwhelmed, "you don't have to date me just because you feel bad or anything."

Maybe he's not the only idiot.

Maybe they're *both* idiots. Idiots in love.

His laugh is dry and deep as hell. "Are you kidding?" He slings his leg over Jimin's thighs and his leg is brushing against Jimin's balls and it's a distraction but he focuses because, God, it's not everyday you're about to profess how stupid and in love you've been with your best friend. "Jiminie, I'm pretty sure I've been in love with you since we went on that vacation to the beach that one time, and we had to share the room remember? Because Jeongguk and you were fighting, and he was being a little bitch, so you wanted to sleep with me, and then you ended up getting up in the middle of the night and staying in my sleeping bag. I'm so fucking glad you were asleep the whole night, because wow I was having the gayest thoughts about you." He says carefully, all inhibitions gone because, wow, Jimin fucking loves him? Back? It's literally kind of fucking amazing.

Jimin is cackling, snorting, and there are tears in his eyes. One arm leaves the act of cradling Taehyung's arm to cover his own face instead. "That wasn't a vacation that was a school trip."

"Same diff."

"That was like eight years ago." His voice is sobering up now. "Tae, that was *eight* years ago."

“Yeah, I know.” He smiles weakly, “Sad isn’t it?”

He’s giggling again, they’re both laughing, a melody of sound, “This is the dumbest thing ever.” Jimin kisses his temple, close to his eyebrow, firmly and with his lips pulled into a smile.

Taehyung really has to agree. But it’s okay, it all worked out for the best.

Wow, they really, really are idiots.

“Thanks for asking to have sex with me.”

Jimin’s laughter is what fucking Angels singing sounds like. “Yeah, no problem. Any time.”

“I love you.” He says, finally. It feels like a fucking boulder has been lifted off of his chest, one he didn’t even know was there, slowly crushing him.

Jimin’s sharp intake of breath makes his entire life. “I, wow, I love you too.” He shyly responds, hiding his face against the side of Taehyung’s head, in his hair.

End Notes

i had a few beta readers for this fic so thanks to them a bunch.
also that was a RIDE. i didn't mean to get carried away like that
wow. that was so much longer than i planned.

(looking for a beta reader? hit me up @ my tumblr (taetaesbffaaf)

@douachilee, @vicecxptainiwaizumi, @jeon-coconut for
proofreading and giving me all the feedback~

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if
you enjoyed their work!